


# cavalier yearbook



A Choice Collection  
Of Cavalier's Best  
Articles, Stories,  
Cartoons and Girls!







Hi! I'm Claudette,  
one of "Nat's Girls."  
You'll find more of us  
on page 39.



# cavalier yearbook

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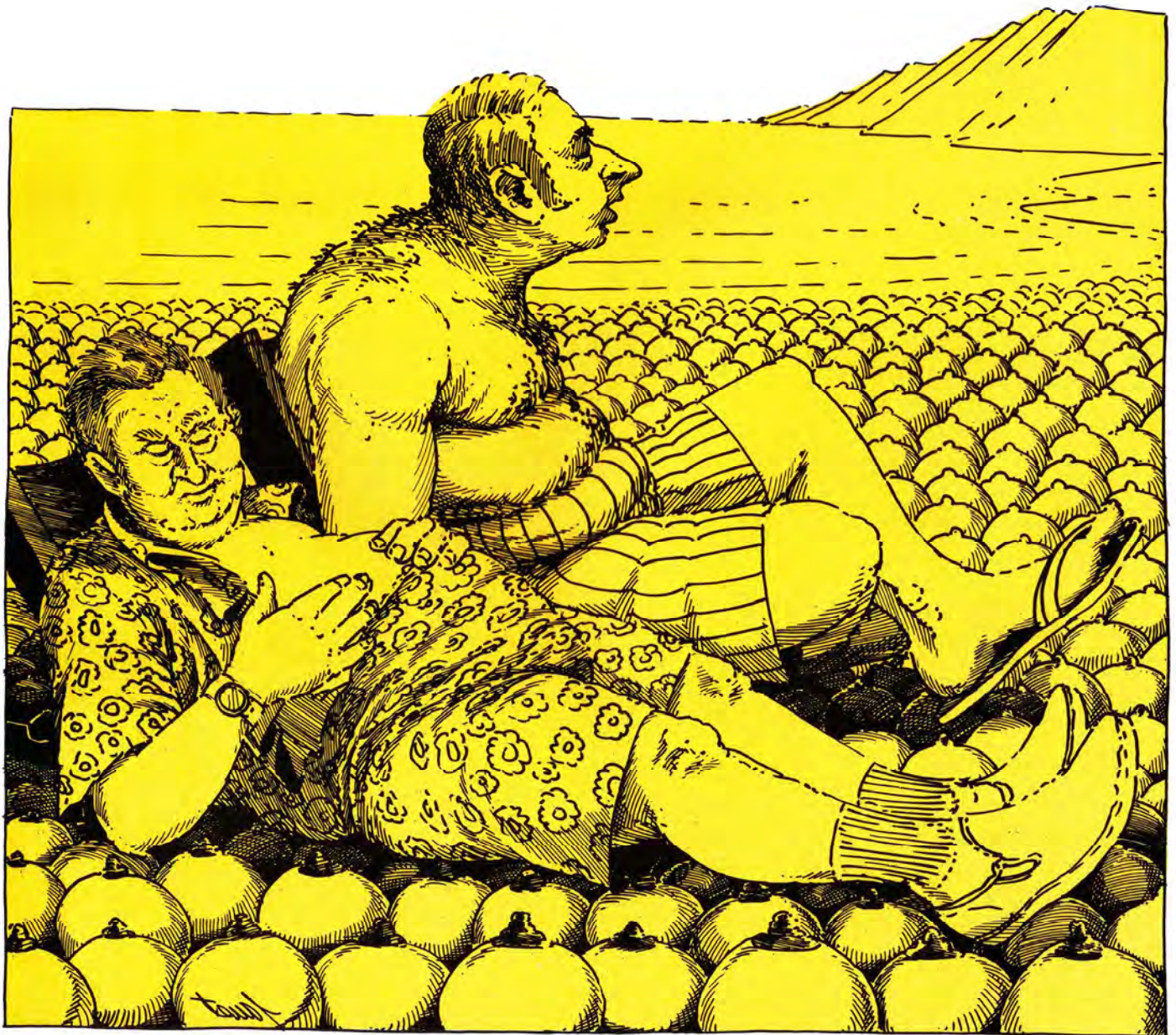
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# TOP OF THE ME

**Forget The Bronx. The action's in Waikiki.**

A Story by Charles Alva Hoyt

AL was just a little nervous: "only on the take-offs. After I'm up there I could care less!"

"Just get one a them stewardesses to hold your hand, baby," Georgie said. He winked.

It was some big deal. Al's mother, who was still around, had wanted them to go to Italy. "For Christ's sake! I already been to Itlee. Nothin's goin on in Itlee." They were going to Honolulu, non-stop.

"This is costin me a fortune," Georgie said, "but it's worth it." They both had money. Georgie owned part of a restaurant; sometimes he greeted patrons at the door. Al, who was a little older, managed a dry-cleaners for a syndicate. They lived in the Bronx.

The stewardess brought them drinks, doubles. Here's lookin at ya, kid! What're you doin after the show! But when all was said and done, the stewardesses were not as polite as they might have been. They were not so young, either.

It's because of this run, the guy next to them said. They give these runs out on seniority. The girls bid on 'em and the older girls always get the Hawaiian run. Time they're twenty-eight, thirty, and nobody's buying, they get a little stale, y'know?

Figures! Al kept looking at the blonde, though. Thirty or not, kid!

They finally got there. The movie was lousy—it was Australian, for Christ's sake!—and Georgie's earphones didn't work, either. The movie made Al nervous; it was about dying. He remembered he didn't like landings, either, but as Georgie said, what goes up must come down. So they got there.

They went to the Ilikai Hotel, the best one there, as they had been told in the Bronx. And it was. There was a lagoon, and the regular beach, two pools! About five restaurants and all these bars. And the best bar was on top of the whole hotel; you had to take a glass elevator that ran up the outside of the building to get there. It was a little hairy getting up there, but when you made it, well, you were on top. Between five and seven they served doubles for the one price, and all the waitresses were gorgeous. And they served hot pupus, that's what they call snacks in Hawaii. Hot poo-poo! A whole bowl of it, Al said. Yeah! And because the paper was full of the sewage problems they were having out there, Georgie said, pour all that stuff into the volcano. And if it erupts—hot poo-poo on everybody!

You prolly heard that before, huh? Al asked the girl.

Yes, I have, she said. But she smiled real cute.

The next morning they got up early and went out to Waikiki, where all the action was. They had on their new jams and they took off their shirts and put on plenty of cream. "Christ, feel that sun!" Al said.



"This is it, baby," Georgie said. "We're here!" He had this way of making a noise by slopping his tongue back and forth in his mouth—a slick, sticky, juicy noise that sounded like somebody getting laid. He made it now—shlock! shlock!—and winked at Al.

"Is that sun something!" Al said.

"Oh, my God!" Georgie said. "Look at the stuff!" There were girls as far as the eye could see. "Oooh! Al! Oooh! I'm goin' outa my mind!" There were girls in pink bathing suits, if you could call that little strip of cloth a suit—and some in yellow, red, green, and blue. "Man, they come in all colors out here!" Japanese girls, Chinese, regular Hawaiian, American, colored—"How'd you like some a that, baby!" Shlock, shlock. Georgie's tongue was too big for his mouth anyway—it sort of fell out the side.

They walked slowly up the beach. This one gorgeous chick was lying face down, her ass stickin straight up, and Georgie couldn't resist. "Hey, honey, are you asleep?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said, are ya asleep!" She just put her head back down. "Not very friendly, are ya?" But he winked at Al. Al was slowing down. He went over toward some shade while Georgie went ahead.

They were building some big building behind the beach, with cranes and pulleys and hawsers and all; Georgie stopped some great-looking kids to ask them about it. They giggled and dodged, and then these punks came up and they went off together. Jail bait, Georgie said to himself. Still—then he saw Al motioning to him from over in the shade.

"Georgie, I feel sick," he said. "It's the sun, I guess."

"Take it easy, kid," Georgie said.

"Gettin' old, Paisan." He smiled sadly.

"Fuck that," Georgie said. "Hey, you wanna drink?"

"Just some water. I got some right over here."

"Well, you just relax in the shade awhile. Here, pour it right over your head. Attaboy!" Al was definitely bald in front now. "You didn't put none of this stuff up here, didja!" Georgie said. "Well, whuddya expect! Baby, this ain't Canarsie, you know." That was always good. "This is the goddamn tropics, with mad dogs and Englishmen, ya know? Take it slow, I'll be right back. They're waitin for me down there!"

That night Al was all better. "It was just that first shock of the sun," he said. "I'll be okay now. I'll get a good tan." They were at the top of the I.

Eddie came over: "Have a good day,

boys?"

"Oh, yeah." Georgie put his hand on her arm. "I didn't see you out on the beach, honey," he said.

"That'll be the day." She swept off their table. "I've got a little girl to take care of," she said. "And she isn't so little anymore, either."

"Come on," Al said. Georgie nudged him under the table. "No, I mean it," he went on, "you're just a kid yourself."

"Sure." But she seemed pleased. "I'll bet I'm old as you are."

"How old do you think I am?"

"Oh—"

"Go on!"

"Well—thirty-five?"

Al was disappointed. He was thinking she might say thirty. "You guessed it right," he said. "Right on the button."

"And me?"

"Oh, you—you're, you're—" Al felt Georgie kick him, and he got a little nervous. "—uh—twenty-three!"

"Come on! Is the light that bad in here? Add ten years and you'll be closer!"

After she went away, Al said, "I blew it, huh?" But Georgie said, "Shit you did! Listen, these broads get fat on lies! You played it right! Say thirty-three and she'll sock you right in the mouth!"

The next day they hung around the pool and went down Kalakua Avenue at dusk. It was really jumping. A rock band was blasting in an open-air restaurant and a big mob was gathered around. Al and Georgie struck up a conversation with two pretty-good-looking girls at the outskirts. They had tried for two really-great-looking Oriental girls but had decided to give it up. "After all," Georgie said. "I know," Al said. "You don't know what the hell they are," Georgie finished. So they got talking to these two girls, who weren't too bad. It didn't come off, though; the two bitches were looking all around. After awhile Al saw some sailor motioning to him, and he pointed to himself and said, me? across the square. Finally the sailor yelled, not you! jerk! and the girls ran over to join him and his buddy. Al was humiliated. "They were just two hooers," Georgie told him.

So they went back down the strip and met a bunch of crazy teen-agers, boys and girls, who were playing tambourines and drums and singing and passing out leaflets.

"What's it all about?" Al asked.

"Bad vibes," the kid said. "Bad vibes, brother. Worse than San Francisco. We're going to wake the people up!"

They sat down on the grass and Georgie got down with them. He

winked at Al. The kids were singing, "Rama Rama, hari Rama, hari Rama!" The one next to Georgie was a nice little dirty fat girl with long curly hair. She smiled all the time. Georgie was tickling her and singing along when the cop came. "All right," he said, "you know the deal."

"Yeah," the top kid said. "We got to move on," he told Al. "Gettin' too big a crowd." They all ran off, dangling and clanking and singing.

"I suppose we might as well go on back," Al said.

"We got time to say goodnight to your girl friend up at the top of the I," Georgie said. He slopped his tongue.

THE TIME went by fast. Al and Georgie had breakfast every morning at Pier Seven, a restaurant in the hotel. They ate a big breakfast, lots of fruit, eggs, meat, hash sometimes, home fries, and then went without lunch. Their tour plan gave them breakfast and dinner.

"Goddamn it, Al," Georgie said. He was getting a tan. The top of his big nose was raw. He wore his shirt unbuttoned all the way to his waist, the way they do in pirate movies, and his hairy stomach stuck out. "Shit," he said.

"I know," Al said. He smiled at Connie, their favorite waitress.

"Where you boys goin' today," she asked.

"What do you do; do you work all day?" Georgie asked her. But he could see she had a wedding ring on. She nodded. "I got to," she said.

They went out in the street. "Goddamn it," Georgie said. There were more beautiful women there than ever, brown ones, white ones, pink ones, yellow ones, black ones. They called over to Nancy, who sold wooden figurines. "Come on, close up that junk and come with us."

She giggled. "You guys are too tough for me," she said. She was real young and cute. The guy who owned that two-bit dodge had brought her over from the mainland to run it; they were sleeping together.

"We know every broad in town," Georgie said, "and where's it gettin' us?"

"Sure are beautiful," Al said.

"Balls," Georgie said. "Ooh!" he added. "Ooh! Will ya just look at *that*! Oh, my God."

It was a beautiful tall girl who came out of a doorway just ahead and wobbled along in front of them. Fantastically built. They followed her up to the door of the officers' club at the base next to the Hilton.

"Al," Georgie said, "she'd break you in half, baby!" They went swim-

(Continued on page 10)



Here's Hanna









Hanna Curtis is London photographer Ed Alexander's contribution to this issue of lovelies. Does Hanna spend all of her time modeling? "No, I don't," she told us. "You see, I really do little modeling—this is a very part-time thing with me—and I enjoy a far more quiet sort of life than most models, I think."

Hanna spends most of her time traveling. "London's just a home base. I guess I spend four or five months out of the year here. I love to visit Paris in the spring and I usually spend July in Spain. The holiday seasons are always in London. Time for friends and family, you know." Hanna hasn't spent much time in the U.S., however—one brief trip to New York two years ago. "Hated it," she says, but then: "Maybe that isn't fair. It was only a few days and it rained every minute, just like London. Maybe I should give it another chance." We hope she does.





ming in the lagoon and made friends with two great-looking girls, but they were dated up for the rest of the week. Al kept a towel over his shoulders—he said he was worried about burning, but actually he was ashamed of the way he looked. Georgie was flabby, but he didn't care. As hairy as he was, nobody was about to take him for a woman. An ape, maybe, Al thought. He was mad because Georgie was talking all the time to the girl he liked, the redhead.

So there they were at the top of the Me again. They'd got to calling it that some way.

"Top a the me. Goddamn it," Georgie said. "Trouble is, I feel great." He was getting loaded. "These broads don't know what they're missin, that's all."

"Yeah," Al said. He called Edie over again; she was really busy but he could tell that she tried to give him a little extra. She likes me, he thought, 'cause I don't ever get fresh. He never did get fresh.

"I'm tellin ya, Al, ya can smell it! There's so much stuff in this town that ya can smell it!"

"Oh, yeah!" But Al thought that was a little rough.

"Tomorrow, baby, we hit the beach and I mean *hit*! That's the whole trouble: we been lyin around toasting our ass-holes at the pool with Candy and Junie and Connie and all a them, who *ya know* can't go out and they *ain't gonna go* out; it's probably a company policy. When did they ever show up with a guy?"

"Never. I never seen 'em with a guy."

"Okay. Also it's all the dogs around here, the babies; nice as they are they're fatal; and the old bitches. On the street, there's a million of 'em. So what! They're always busy, they're always goin somewheres! Figures, don't it? All except the hooers, and I'll tell you this, Paisan"—he leaned over—"that's one thing I never did yet. I never hadda pay for it!"

"Me neither," Al said. "I never paid for it."

Georgie cuffed him on the cheek. "Baby," he said, "you—you gotta get a little more class though. I'm serious! You're holdin us back, baby. We can't move when you're always apologizin to 'em."

"No," Al began.

"Because!" Georgie held on to him. "Listen a minute. Now I know these fuckin broads! *One thing* that they won't tolerate is no apologies. They love the con, baby! They love it. And the worse you treat *them*, the better

they'll treat *you*."

"I know it," Al said.

"Because when you're *nice* to 'em," Georgie sort of sang, "when you're *nice* to 'em—it's all over, baby! It's fuck you in the zoo!"

"Right! I just was sick there, you know, Georgie—I just—"

"Never mind. Hey, Edie!" He shot up two fingers. "Two doubles over here, baby. We got to go to work tomorrow!"

SO THEY were way up at Sunset Beach, out of town. *Great* girls, just lying there; they looked like they'd been lying there and like they were going to *be* lying there. There was one hell of a big surf up. A few young girls were screwing around in the edge of it, chasing each other in and out.

"Christ," Al said, "will ya look at that!"

"The one in *green*," Georgie said. "The *green*! Ooh, man! Looka the blocks on that!"

Al looked, but he was thinking about the ocean, which made a noise like thunder. When it hit the beach everything seemed to shake.

"You ain't goin in, are ya, Georgie," he said.

"I dunno." They took off their shirts. Georgie had orange jams on. His stomach hung over the front and doubled the belt under. Al wore his lower so that that wouldn't happen.

Georgie slumped down next to some kids. "Hey," he said, "what's happenin?"

"Nothing," they said. "Same as always." They got to talking. Do you surf, they asked him.

"Not with the board," he said.

"Body surf. How is it out there?"

"Evil, man."

"Yeah?" Georgie made up his mind to go out, Al could tell.

"Hey, Georgie," he said. He was on the edge of the group.

"Is he your brother?" a chick asked Georgie.

"You might say that," he said. He felt cool and tough.

"Georgie?" Georgie glared at him across the crowd.

"He's my mother," he said. "In disguise, a horrible disguise!"

A bunch of the kids got up to go in, and Georgie joined them. He noticed that they just ran around at the edge, though; and none of the girls came out. After a few minutes he got used to it; it was fun. The surf tried to suck you back in; if it could get you off your feet for a minute it dragged you sideways and knocked you into somebody. It was all right!

"Hey, Al!" he called. "Come on big daddy! It's fun!"

Al came down a little way. He was still far out of the action, but a big sneaky wave made a run at him and caught him, just for a minute.

"Ya see! It's fun."

"Hey, yeah!" But Al stayed back. The rest of them got so they'd screw around a little deeper, just enough so they'd be carried off their feet and swung around each time. Georgie would submarine the big crawlers and bob up behind them and wave. The girls laughed and clapped. Then one great big mother picked Georgie up and just threw him, right over the other guys' heads, way up the beach, and just slammed him down. Al ran over near him, but he was okay. His hair was all over his neck, where he usually kept it combed long over the back of his head, to cover the thin spot, and he was full of sand, but he was laughing.

"Boy!" he said. "I ate it that time."

"Georgie!" Al said. "Your trunks are split!"

Holy Christ! Georgie put a pretty good face on it. "Man, my ass is hangin out!" he said to one of the kids. Al got him a towel and he put it around himself. The kids laughed but it was okay.

"Ya see," Georgie said that night they were back up safe on the top of the Me, "that was crucial! If I didn't go through with that, I was dead with them kids."

"I woulda died!"

"You stiff! No, really, it's like an accident, a car wreck, you know? Remember when Little Sid turned over, last summer? What'd the cop tell him: get right back in and drive, he said, or you'll lose ya nerve. Well," he said, sitting back, "that's the way it was out there t'day. *And*, baby—if I *hadna* got fucked up like that, I would never of dated up Lucille for Saturday!"

It was true. Georgie had gone over big with the kids, laughing and telling about it the way he did. It was all he needed. Baby, he told them, while they laughed and clapped their hands, I looked up and saw the sun going over and over. That's when I knew I was in trouble. But where Father Neptune *really* got me, was in the rear! a sneak attack! a real green beret! They roared. But anything you said that knocked the government or the army was big with these kids.

So he sweet-talked this new one, Lucille LaPorter, into going out. Al was watching them, from back in the car. She kept saying she already had a date, but Georgie just kept sweet-talking her and sweet-talking her and pretty soon she came around. She was

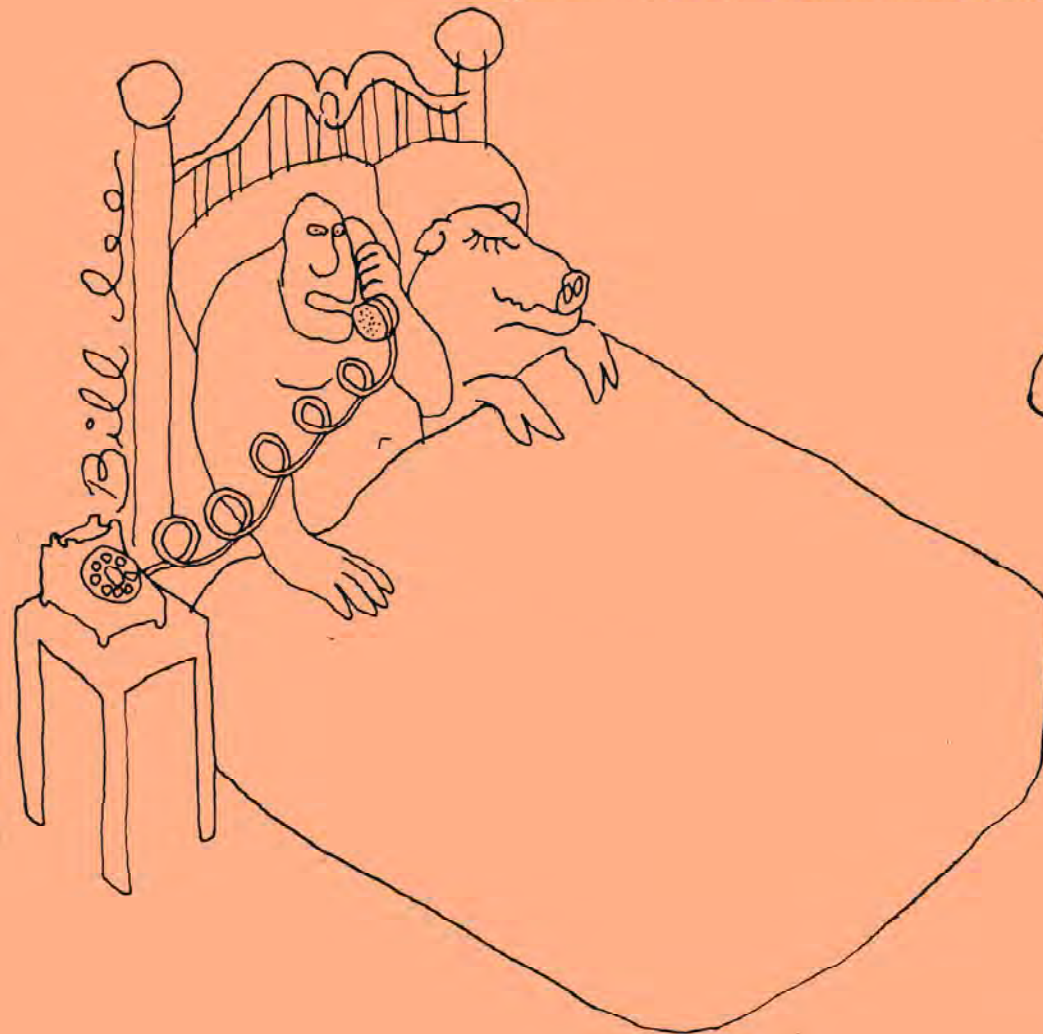


"IF YOU CAN'T COME . . . CALL!"

BY BILL LEE



"I've just converted a member of the silent majority!"



"Please connect me with Grove Press."



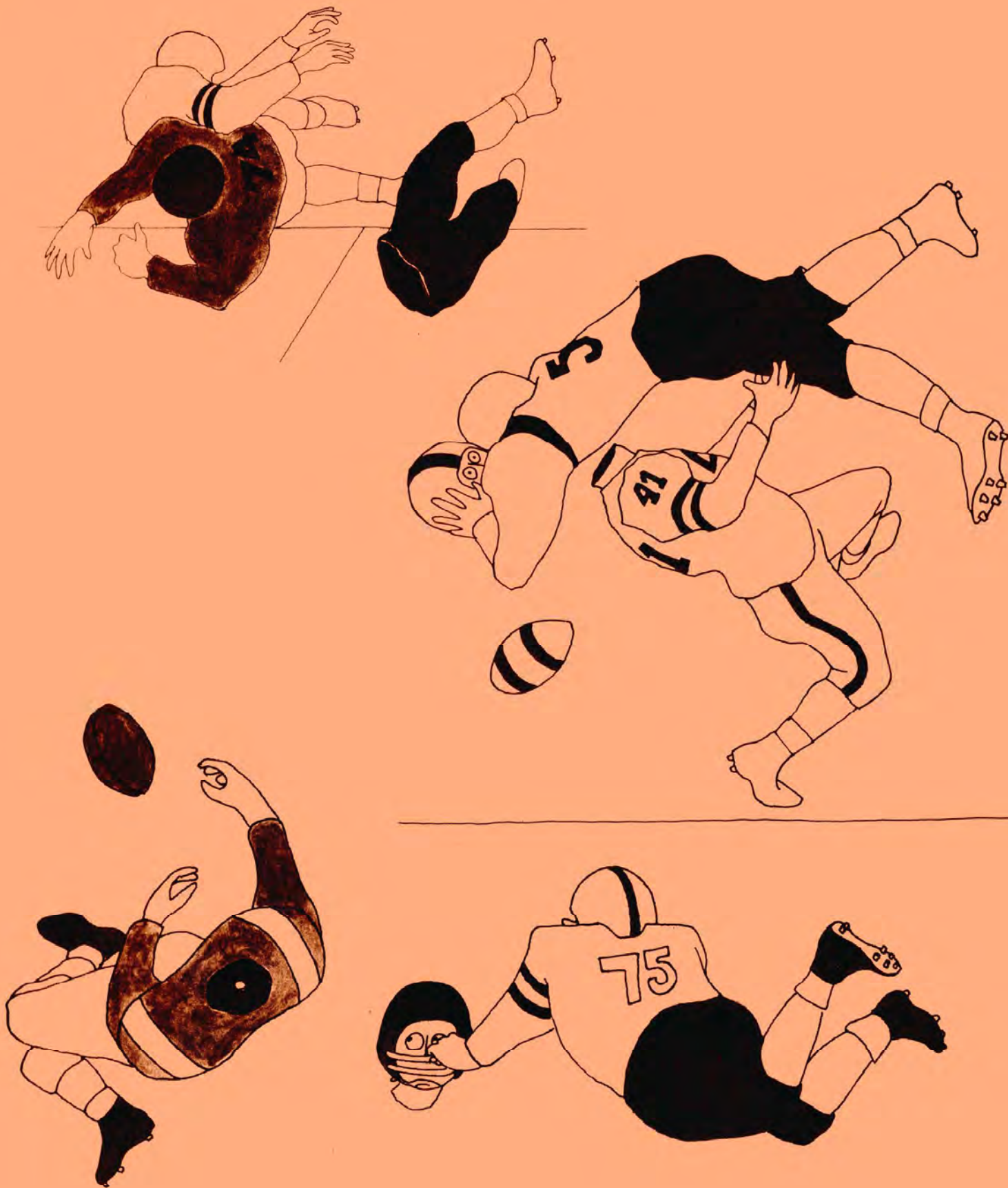


# HALF-TIME THOUGHTS

BY MICHAEL FOX







40





Jim  
LINDENSWITH

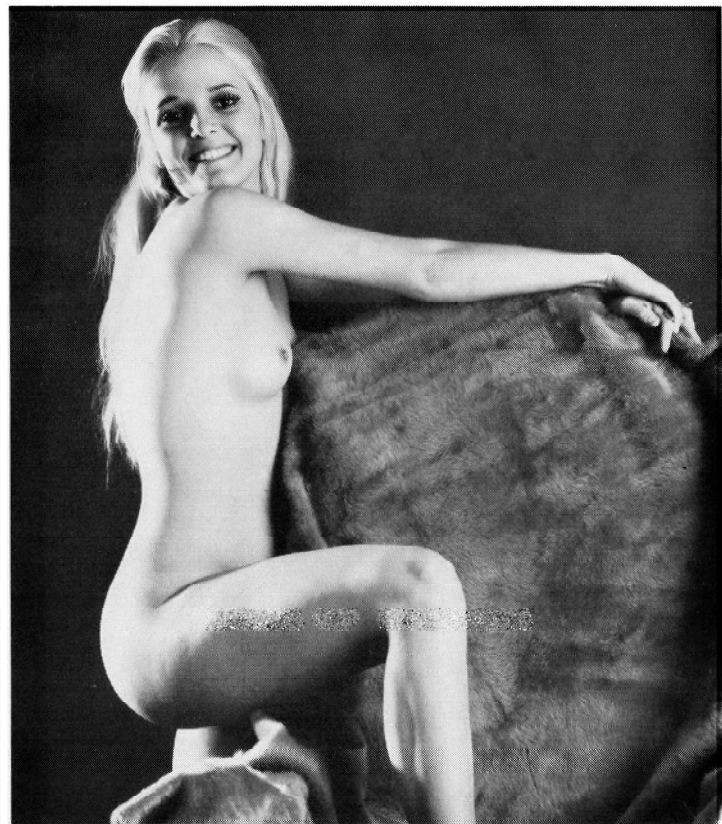
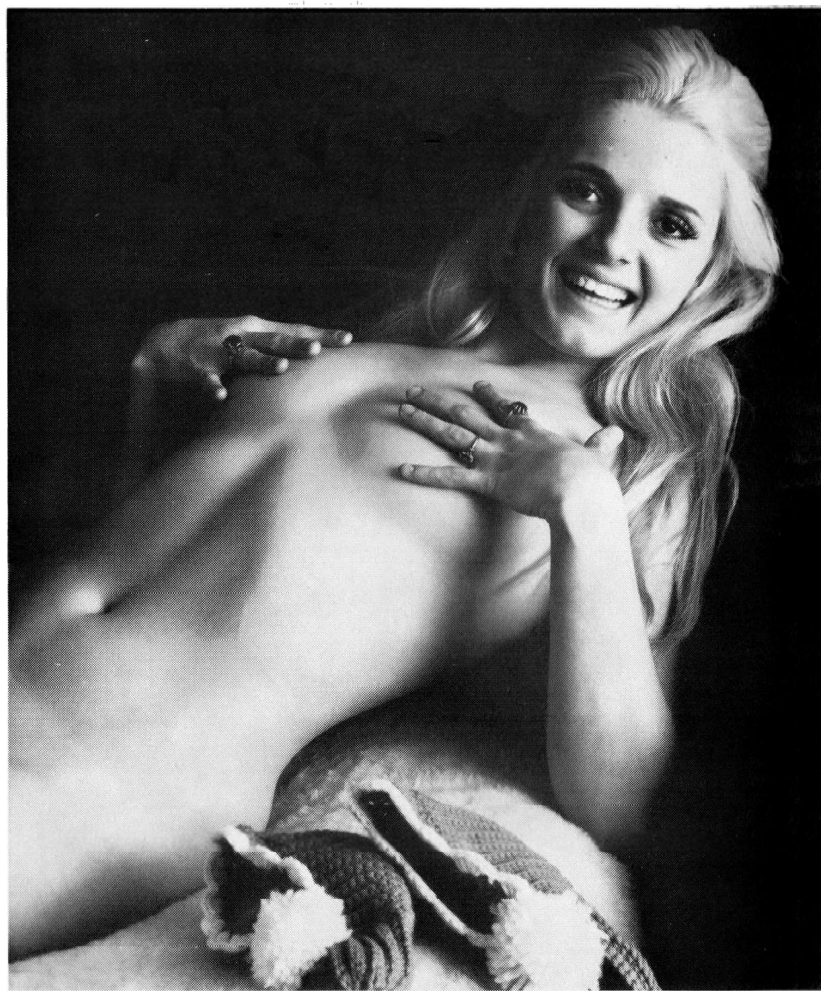
"Private, I don't think you take army life seriously enough."



***Mary Beth:  
The Budding Of A Writer***







Mary Beth says she really got heavy into reading Vonnegut, Brautigan, and Leonard Cohen, and she just had to try her hand

at writing herself. "After reading all that beautiful writing, it just inspires one, you know. Not that I think I can write that well at

first, but after I have some experience, who knows?"

Mary Beth is a native of Detroit, the Motor City, and feels





that the atmosphere of the city is just perfect for her needs. "It's both quiet and exciting. I mean, you can really get into all the things that are going down and really swing; and then, if you want, you can get away from it all very, very quickly."

Mary Beth is twenty years old and feels that her talent is just beginning to bud. "Why I can almost feel my soul expanding inside me day by day. And it must shine through, because when I walk down the streets of Detroit these days, people just turn their heads and stare, so you see, it must be that inner thing shining through, don't you think?"

Well, we do see the budding talent, Mary Beth.





going to come into Honolulu on Saturday night and they'd go dancing.

"Can't ya fix up a buddy a mine here?" Georgie asked her. But she didn't know anybody well enough. She'd only been on the island about a week.

"She's goin to be a senior at the U of Hawaii," Georgie told Al, "and she comes from Sweetlands, Ohio! Sweetlands! Sweetlands is right, if that's what they raise." Because she was some good-looking girl, really built, and tanned, too. Blonde.

"Where ya goin to take her?"

"Where else?" Georgie said. "I gotta introduce her to the family. After all, Edie's practically like my sister now." He said that because she was there; when she left he said, "No, but really, this joint has the most class. Look at that view!" It was a great view, from the top of the Me. The whole city was shining below, and down from the hills the new developments were coming, all lit up, like lava.

And there was dancing up there, too, and you could have dinner next door. So what the hell! "Listen, Georgie," Al said, "when I come in, if you got her in the room, just pull that slidin partition across in fronta the bed, will ya? That'll tip me. Then I can sleep on the couch. Ya don't think she'll mind do ya?"

"I don't give a damn if she does or not," Georgie said.

"I'll tell ya one thing, kid," Al said. "She is one good-looking broad!"

"ONE thing about the way I drink," Lucille LaPorter said, "is I never get drunk." Yeah? Georgie thought. You're drunk now and in another hour you'll be shit-faced.

"C'mm," he said. "Let's dance again."

"Oh, it's too early. I hate to be the only one out there!"

"Whadda you care? Come on."

"No, really. I sort of hurt my foot today, too, on the boat. It bothers me." The boat bothered Georgie. He had heard about it a lot. Lucille had only been on the island for about a week, but she had gone out every night. Two nights ago she had met this guy with a boat. He was beautiful and the boat was beautiful.

"They were both beautiful," Georgie said. He reminded himself, though, not to get mean drunk or he'd never get into this bitch.

She talked some more, and they got onto the subject of sex. "Ya know?" Georgie said. "You might think I'm nuts, but if I'm with a girl I really like, I don't even think about that in connection with her." This was a big lie, but Georgie had learned that it was

one line that never failed (except with a whore). "I mean it!"

She was pleased. "I don't think that's crazy at all," she said. "And I'll tell you something; I spent all night on the boat with Clifford last night, too—like brother and sister! We slept in the same bed, and never touched one another!"

"Yeah?" Georgie sat up.

"Because, I mean, don't get me wrong. Don't get me wrong. I mean, I hope you just like to dance, like you said."

Georgie said he loved to dance.

"Because it's the way I feel with the other fellow I've been seeing, who's married. I like him very, very much, but I don't love him. We have a terrific time together, we just like each other, that's all. But I haven't even kissed him."

They got two more drinks—doubles, since it was still a little short of seven.

"The time may come," she said, "when Clifford and I will make love. But it will have to be right."

"Oh, yeah," Georgie said. "I fully understand. Let's dance, though." He was getting excited and wanted to grab her. But when they got out on the

floor, she kept wanting to do those damned rock 'n roll things, the swim and the monkey. He bobbed up and down just at the edge of her.

Later she said how much nicer Columbus was than Honolulu. "You can call me a farmerette," she said, "but it really is!" Georgie felt like popping her in the mouth. "People are genuine there!"

"I'm genuine!"

"Yes, you are—"

She stayed thoughtful for a while longer. "You know," she said, "I don't know why I came out tonight with you at all."

"Yeah?"

"It isn't really the way I generally do things. And you aren't the type of guy I generally go with, at all. The type of guy I generally go with is very athletic, and, of course, a lot younger—I knew you weren't twenty-five!—but age doesn't matter; and looks don't matter; you wanna know why I went out with you? For one thing, you've got a terrific sense of humor."

"And the kina guy you usually go with is very serious!" Georgie said. He was getting mad inside.

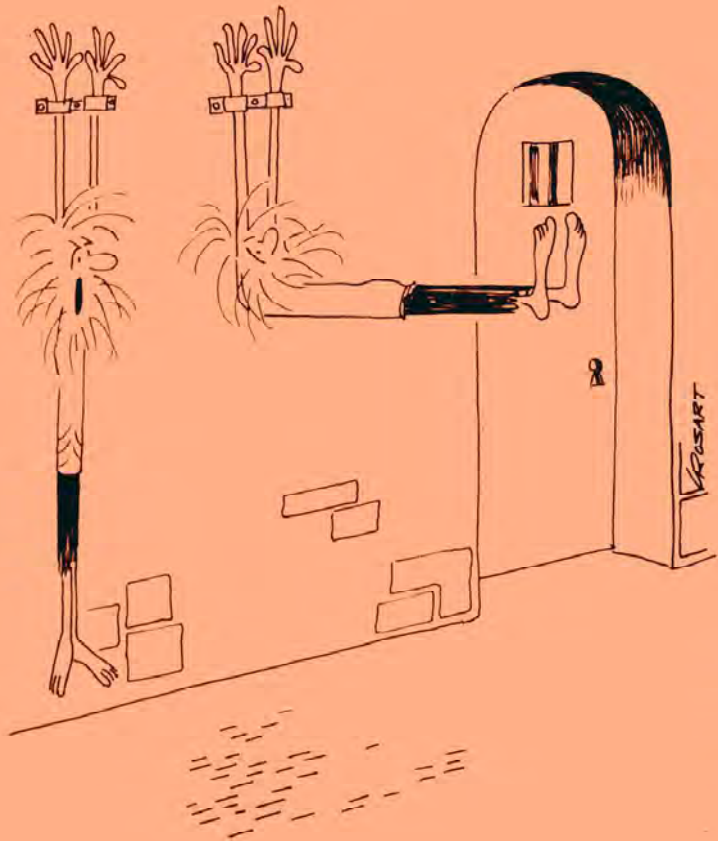
"No! But you were amusing, and very attentive, and you can tell you

(Continued on page 26)

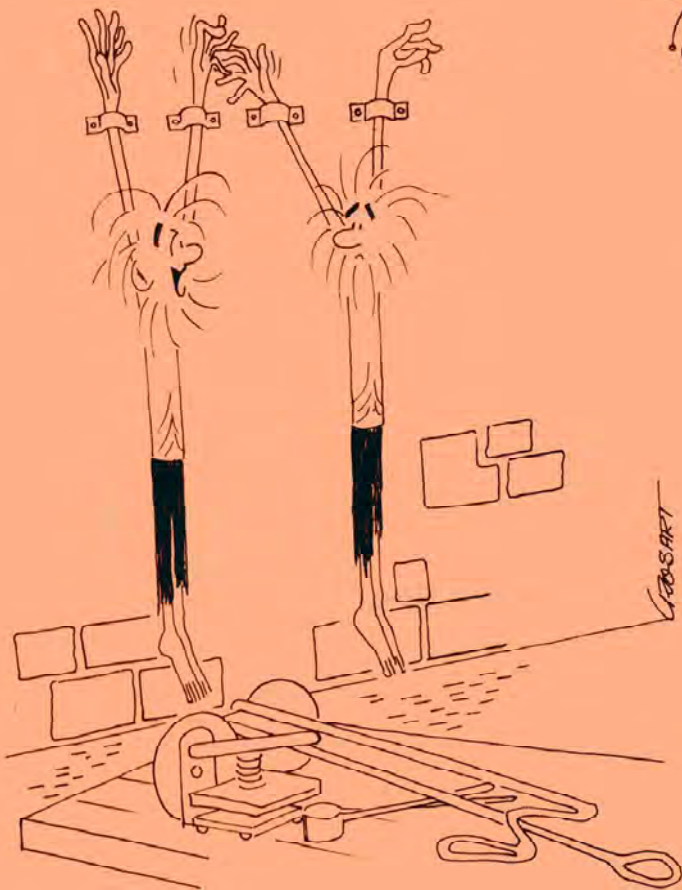


"That's going to be a tough act to follow."

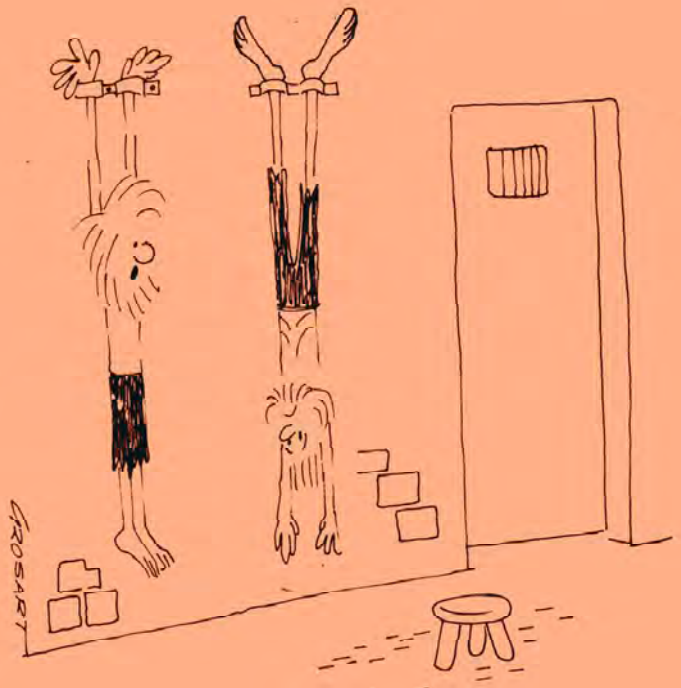




"For Heaven's sake, learn to relax!"



"Your hands are like ice!"



"You're going to have to learn to stand on your own two feet when you get out of here."





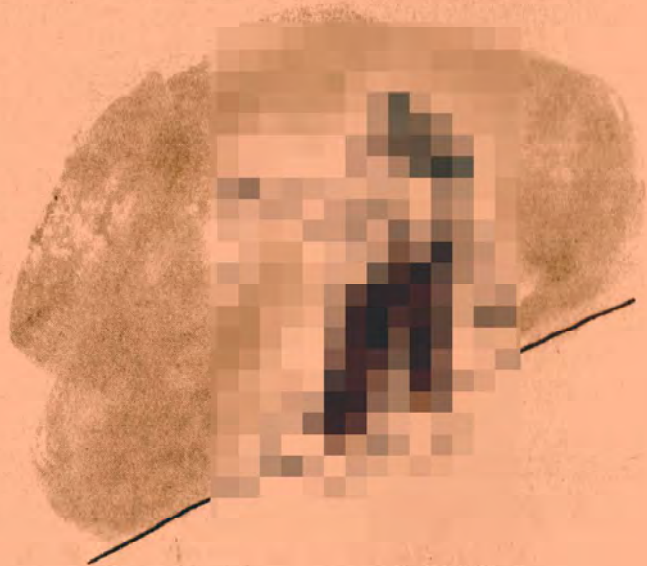
Don  
OREHEK-

"I want a bitch just like the bitch that married dear old dad."









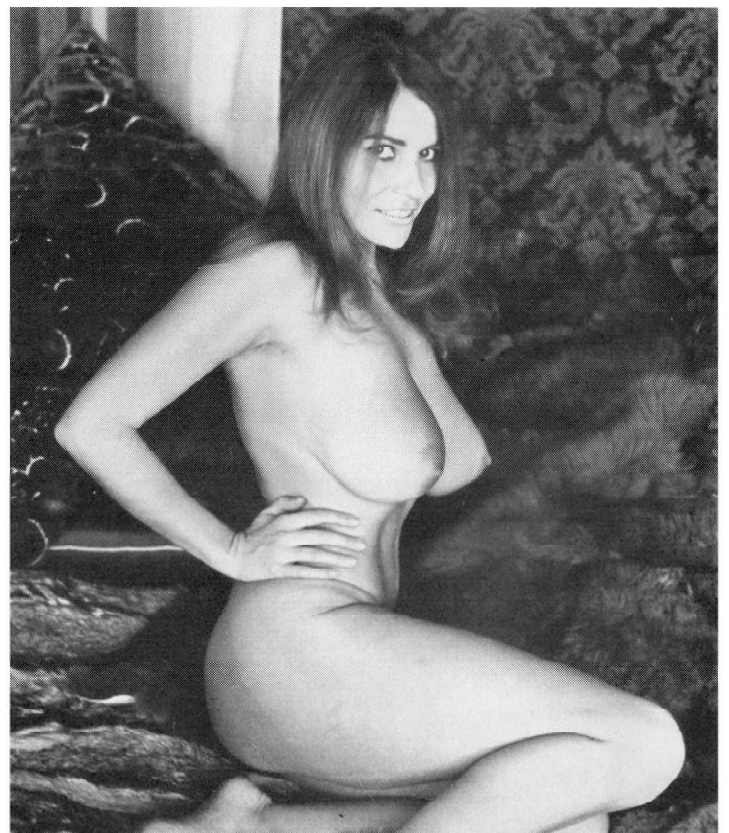
Bruce Ackerman





***BY ANY NAME...***









Cavalier receives many letters about our girls. Most letters are raves, a few strike sour notes. But there wasn't a sour note among the hundreds of letters we got when Uschi Digard first ap-

peared in Cavalier last December.

It was Uschi's initial Cavalier appearance and when she heard about that forthcoming feature she called it "the best prize of all"—referring to her appearances

elsewhere. Many of you wrote to say you'd seen her with the name Astrid Lillimore. Well, Uschi uses both names, but by any name, she's the best prize of all, and worth many a second look.



know your way around. I've gone out with older bachelors before, guys who play the field; they just don't believe in settling down."

It occurred to Georgie that she could still be made, so he dragged her out onto the dance floor again. But then he blew it by getting into an argument with the band leader.

"I oney ast im to play 'These Foolish Things!'"

He had embarrassed her. "They only know contemporary songs here," she said. "Come on, I'm tired."

She got up a big stupid conversation with the people at the next table, who she found out were from Yellow Springs. They were old, and they talked a lot. "Come on," Georgie said finally. He was really getting drunk.

"I beg your pardon."

"The hell with the tourist bureau. Let's dance!"

They couldn't hear him, but they got the message: here we are, they said, gabbing when you young folks want to dance! Georgie practically pulled her to her feet because he could see her getting ready to deny it, and she went very sweetly, but she was furious. "I hate people who are cruel, and hard!" Those people, she said, were just as human as he was, and had just as much right to be there as he did, even if he was planning to buy a piece of the hotel. That's how drunk and desperate he was getting; he had told her that when she mentioned that she might like a job like Edie's. They danced one dance and she marched back to the table ahead of him. The old people were gone.

"And that's an awful shirt you have on, too," she said. "I hate it." It was a white aloha shirt, trimmed with blue; he had bought it specially for their date. He looked over her head and saw Al hanging around over by the door. He waved to him. Al brightened up and started to make his way toward them.

"Ya see this guy comin over towards us?" Georgie said to her. "Don't look around! Well, he is one of the *biggest*, bar none, guys in the mob, back in New York. You prolly read about 'im—Al Mangiapane?" Her mouth opened, but before she could say anything, Al came up, all happy.

"'Ey, Paisan," he said. He was feeling pretty good. "Long time no see!"

"Al, this is Miss LaPorter; Miss LaPorter, this is an old friend of mine, Alberto Q. Mangiapane."

"Hi," she said. "Listen, let's dance, shall we? I love this 'Age of Aquarius'."

Oho, Georgie thought. When they got out there he started to say, listen, you want to make it in this hotel, just

get Big Al workin for ya and—but she cut him off.

"You take me home," she said. "I don't want to know gangsters! I've *never* had anything to do with hoodlums!"

"Fa Christ's sake—!"

"I mean it!"

It was a total loss. They went back for the check. Al was excited and happy: "Got ta ya, huh!" He winked at Georgie. "Don't do nothin I wootnt do!"

Georgie went to the john for a minute. "What an awful shirt," Lucille said.

"Oh, I dunno," Al said. "What the hell. S'good enough to be buried in!" He laughed high up in his nose, and she shrank away from him.

"So ya been here long, Miss LaPorter?" Al asked.

"Just a few days."

"Well, you and Georgie have a real good time, ya hear? I gotta see a fella about somethin, or I'd come with ya. Or maybe ya'd rather be alone?"

While she was trying to think what to say, Georgie came back. "Keepin busy, Al?" he asked.

"Oh, yeah," Al said. "I always got my hand in. If you don't see me for a while, don't worry. I got some business to hannle." He swaggered away.

"Wouldn't hurt a fly," Georgie said. "Unless you cross him!"

"I want to go home," she said.

Al's good mood left him quickly. He had walked down to Kalakua by himself, looking for the Hindu kids with their finger cymbals and drums, but he couldn't find them. There were ten million girls walking around, and every one of them was taken, or so well protected that she never *would* be taken. "Who the hell am I tryina kid, anyways?" Al asked himself. Every so often in his life he would ask himself that, and then let himself get sad for a while. The tears ran down his cheeks. "Shit," he said. "I never had a chance!"

He had made up his mind to live for others by the time he got back to the hotel room. It was two a.m., and he got excited all over again at the door. Jesus! he thought. *She's* in there now! But when he let himself in there was only Georgie, playing solitaire. The bed was rumpled though.

"What happened, she couldn't stay?"

"No," Georgie said.

"Oh. Well, I see you did all right anyways."

"Oh, yeah."

"Shit, Georgie, I dunno, I kina let it get me out there tonight, I mean, Christ, you know, without you along I didn't have no chance—what the Christ, ya know? Sometimes I think

I'll just chuck it. I mean, maybe I shoulda gone into the goddamn church or somethin."

"Oh, man." Georgie let the cards slide out of his hand. "Just whuddaya expect anyways? a dumb guinea like you!"

"Georgie!"

"You and me, Al: a couple dumb guineas, out there breakin—our—ass, to make it, and whatta we get?" He shot his arm up. "La fongool! a couple a greenhorns!"

"Georgie, no!"

"Me and my fat ass out in a surf with them rich prick kids! What the fuck do they care about me and you, Al? You think that bitch tonight wants to get laid by me and you? Your ass! We can take out the garbage, is more like it!"

Al got scared. "Cut it out, Georgie," he said. "Quit it, will ya?"

"Ah, no! Fuck them all. Let's get the hell on that plane. Listen, at least in the Bronx we got a chance. I may be dumb, but I'm not stupid!"

Al worked on him for an hour: he had some wine and they got drunk again. "Georgie, remember Edie! What about Edie, huh? She tole me, she loves your new shirt! I swear on my mother! She tole me tonight, while I was over in back there! Georgie," he said finally, "we got just as much right here as anybody else."

By breakfast time they had forgotten about it. They went into Pier Seven together. "You gotta leave us, huh?" Connie said. "We'll be back, baby," Al told her. She kissed their cheeks goodbye. "I'd ride out with ya," she said, "only I gotta work." They gave her a big tip. "Hey, Nancy," Georgie said, "we're leavin ya! How are ya gonna kill yourself?" She giggled. "You guys are too tough for me," she said.

"Oh, man," Georgie said, "look at the ass on that one up ahead!"

"In the green?"

"No, ya idiot, there! There, the Chinese broad, whatever she is, wearin that long yella thing. Oh, could I t'row a fuck to dat!" He slopped his tongue.

"Yeah!" Al said. "Georgie, we gotta make the scene next year!"

"Oh, yeah," Georgie said. "I'm gonna come out here regular now! Up a that top a the Me, hey, baby?" He pinched Al's cheek.

"Maybe we can work it for *two* weeks next year, whaddaya think?"

"It may be," Georgie said, "it just may be."

"And Georgie—"

"Yeah?"

"Hey, Georgie? Listen—" he said, breaking off. "Come on, I'll buy ya a beer!"

And they left to get their bags. †



# THE BAWDY HOUSE IS TUMBLING DOWN

A fond farewell to a symbol  
of individualism, free  
enterprise, and all that.

*Oh, Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawdy,  
Won't you listen to me, please?  
They're tearing down the Bawdy  
House—and selling it piece by piece!*

By Michael Holland

THE Bawdy House is tumbling down.

In Bowling Green, Kentucky, a certain madam we'll call "Mabel" announced her retirement to patrons of long standing (?), bade a touching farewell to those girls who had remained loyal to the end, and locked the door on the House—the House which had been her hallmark, and a Bowling Green landmark, for twenty-eight years.

Dixieland's answer to Polly Adler, sort of a Scarlett O'Letter, Miss Mabel is now writing her memoirs, which might be titled, "Southern Housepitality."

Meanwhile, back at the raunch, three of Bowling Green's "good ol' boys" bought The Old Bed-stead, and tore down Mabel's Pleasure Palace. Sacrilege! Even worse, the trio began selling Bawdy House bricks as mementos! (Each brick, of course, has a felt bottom.)

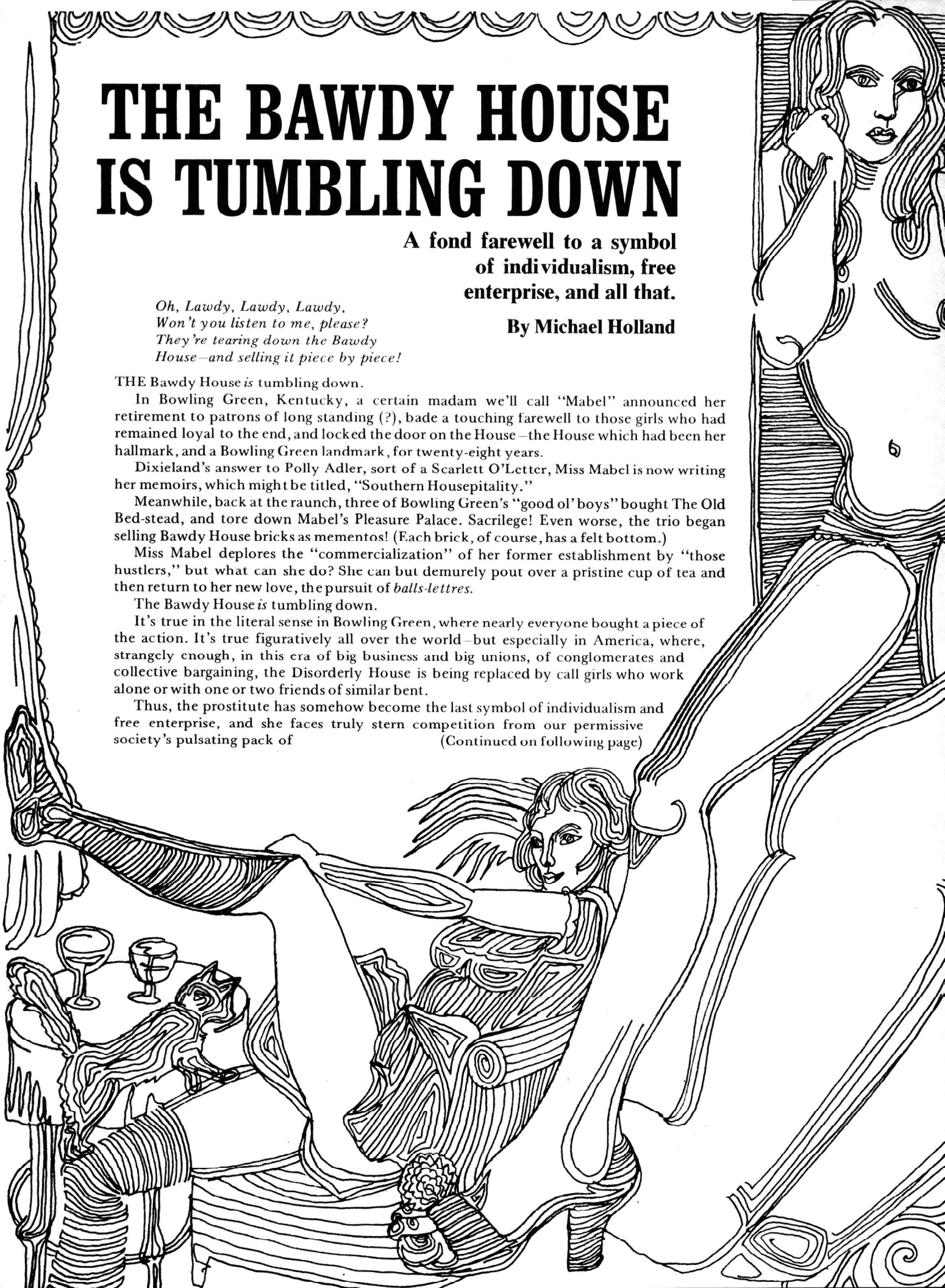
Miss Mabel deplores the "commercialization" of her former establishment by "those hustlers," but what can she do? She can but demurely pout over a pristine cup of tea and then return to her new love, the pursuit of *balls-lettres*.

The Bawdy House is tumbling down.

It's true in the literal sense in Bowling Green, where nearly everyone bought a piece of the action. It's true figuratively all over the world—but especially in America, where, strangely enough, in this era of big business and big unions, of conglomerates and collective bargaining, the Disorderly House is being replaced by call girls who work alone or with one or two friends of similar bent.

Thus, the prostitute has somehow become the last symbol of individualism and free enterprise, and she faces truly stern competition from our permissive society's pulsating pack of

(Continued on following page)





emancipated femmes, who eagerly offer without charge the only thing an honest whore has to sell.

Little wonder that prostitution has replaced ecology as the major topic of conversation wherever intellectuals gather.

However, our contemporary scene can only be evaluated against the backdrop of a thousand yesteryears. One cannot assay modern-day whoring without a reasonable knowledge of the courtesan's position in history. There have been a number of interesting positions.

The thesis of this work is that it took nearly twenty-five centuries to make Mabel, that *Madam* Mabel is, as it were, the end product of a complex evolution.

Five centuries before Christ, according to Herodotus, there was a temple in Babylonia. It was the birthplace of Mylitta, the Babylonian Venus. It was also the birthplace of prostitution. At least the seed was planted there.

Each woman of the land was bound by her religion to make one journey—one pilgrimage—to this temple.

When she arrived, the maiden sat on a bench in the temple garden, and waited, breathless, full of anticipation—waited until—

Clink!

A coin fell into her lap.

She had never met the man who'd tossed the coin, would probably never see him again, yet ritual dictated that she surrender herself to him then and there in the cloistered garden.

When the man was—

Clink!

—spent, the girl took his coin and placed it on the temple altar. Having proven her love for Mylitta, and having given Mylitta's love to another, the maiden headed home, soon married, and was thereafter expected to be a faithful wife.

The Babylonian concept of worship was embraced by the Greeks at the temple of Aphrodite. With one change. From the Greek standpoint, so transcending an experience as communicating the love of a Goddess should not be restricted to "once in a lifetime." The Greeks encouraged frequent visitations. And they made a fascinating discovery: *A few female parishioners were far more zealous than the others in expressing Aphrodite's love. They also brought in larger, more appreciative contributions.*

In no time at all, these gifted girls were installed as regular prostitute priestesses, who enjoyed great esteem and extraordinary popularity. Actually, religious fervor began running so high that a dozen additional temples were erected.

Most of the temples were built in or near seaports. It seems Greek sailors were Aphrodite's most devoted followers. In fact, each night a ship put into port, virtually the entire crew rushed to the temple. The chronicler submits that these seamen were the original night templers.

The temple system was big box office. Socko.

But, alas, the temple belles were wringing out for themselves a substantial share of the contributions. Further, worried priests noted that their young men were taking greater interest in sexual intercourse than in the intercourse of the church.

Finally, many Greek wives were beside themselves. Well, they needed *somebody* beside them. You see, their husbands weren't up to much—after going down to the temple. ("Sorry, I gave at church.")

Criticism mounted. At last, Constantine called for a separation of church and sex. He abolished religious prostitution.

A mutinous roar arose from the Greek navy.

Legislators were not unsympathetic.

It may have been an election year; we are not told, but we do know that fabled Athenian lawmaker Solon gained the undying gratitude of those who sailed the seas by sponsoring a bill that permitted the establishment of the first *dikterion*, or commercial house of prostitution.

The *dikteriade* had no illusion about being Aphrodite's messenger; she had a sexual union message of her own. Men got that message—"collect"—during the Golden Age of Greece.

But the Golden Age tarnished, and the world's new dominant force was the Roman Empire, where life was no bed of roses for posterior peddlers.

Roman prostitutes could go where they wished, for example, but could not wear the *vitta* or *stola* of the respectable matron. Instead, working whores had to identify themselves by dyeing their hair a bright yellow. (Hollywood's starlet system may have had its dark roots in Rome's harlot system.)

Living in a country where military victories were "more glorious" than sexual conquests, Roman whores achieved little renown.

Who, then, became the feature attraction of the European Carnal-val?

Why, the *English!*

Remarkable, isn't it? We think of early English women as rigid frumps with frigid rumps. In the main, we have this prim, prudish picture because of the legends of King Arthur's Court. You know the routine. The dismayed, demure damsel in distress. The gallant

knight inevitably clattering to the rescue. Once the foul fiend is fended off, Sir Fairplay asks only the supreme privilege of kissing the hem of milady's gown.

Hem? Haw!

Those stories were expurgated, revamped—perhaps we should say "unvamped"—centuries later by church officials, who quietly modified the Arthur myths to conform to a newer and less tolerant moral code. Imagine *Peyton Place* edited by Louisa May Alcott and you have the picture.

Contrast the clanking chivalry in the tales of Arthur we may read today with this eyewitness report by Gildas, the leading Christian historian of the time: "The knights are sanguinary, boastful, murderous fornicators and adulterers, addicted to vice."

Supporting evidence: One of the *original* Arthur stories—one which somehow comes down to us without benefit of clergy—tells of the good King producing a magic mantle that can only be worn by a chaste woman. Not one lady of the court can keep the mantle on her shoulders.

All of the English, as a matter of fact, shrugged their shoulders when it came to prostitution, which they looked upon as just another part of everyday living.

Britain's most convenient places of assignation were the "stews," or public baths. It was common to see men and women, towels on arm, nakedly padding through the town square en route to the stew. Something like a happy, heterosexual YMCA on a Saturday night.

At any rate, the English-speaking peoples soon became the cleanest, whoringest peoples in Europe. Indeed, public bathing evolved into such a rollicking sport—with such an increasing emphasis on splashingly novel group activities—that Henry II found reason to issue regulations governing conduct at the famous stews of Southwick. His intent was not to curtail frivolity. Rather, a true Britisher, he wished to set protocol: rules covering niceties such as what one should and should not expect when one dropped the soap.

Many of the Southwick stews were owned by the Bishopric of Winchester. Whores there were known as "Winchester geese." A number of the geese flew across the channel with avenging English crusaders. Back flew word that demand far exceeded supply, that the English whores were obviously superior to the now-scattered and unenthusiastic continental prostitutes. In response to this call, His Majesty's Hookers began hitting the beaches of

(Continued on page 32)



# GRAND ENTRANCE...











Far from the days of Maurice Chevalier and Yvette Guilbert, the music halls of France today have been unable to compete with the more contemporary fare that surrounds them, such as Hair and Oh! Calcutta! But Michel Renaud, the former star dancer of the Opera de Paris, has taken the first step toward update. At the Mayol, one of the most popular music halls, he has staged a new revue called "Pop Sex In The Nude," in which he presents ten minutes of the most titillating theatre around in a scene dubbed "Uterus."

In it four pregnant ladies appear on the stage, dancing and singing over a percussion band which suddenly breaks off in the middle and begins to play an excerpt from Wagner at the same moment that there appears on the stage the body of a giant woman, in plaster. The body is limited to only her thighs and uterus.

Then two intertwined bodies surge up from the uterus, a man and a woman, just as God created them. The bodies belong to Bob and Aura Sanders, a young married couple of twenty-five. For seven minutes they act out a dance of birth and love. By choosing to use total nudity, Renaud hoped to be less hypocritical and more beautiful.

The show goes on. Other scenes represent some of the most talked about themes of our modern world—drugs, for example. And in one, an SS officer rapes his mother.

All in all, it would seem that Renaud has succeeded in saving the Mayol; every night the show posts a sold-out sign.





Normandy in human waves unequalled until D-Day.

Boniface could soon observe: "There is scarcely a town in Italy, or in Gaul, or in France where English prostitutes cannot be found."

This influx of Celt pelt presented a challenge to the French. An economic challenge. A challenge to the national pride. It is a tribute to the genius of this country that once roused, the French whore gave her English sister a run for the money.

Parisian priests grew alarmed. Sex was always getting out of hand, they felt. Their voices were heard in the chambers of King (and Saint) Louis IX.

In 1254, Louis decreed that all prostitutes were to be driven from the country, and that all brothels were to be closed.

In 1256, Louis decreed that all prostitutes were to be driven from the country, and that all brothels were to be closed.

In 1259, Louis decreed that all prostitutes were to be driven from the country, and that all brothels were to be closed.

In 1264, Louis died, conceivably of third-degree burns, inflamed that his edicts had been ignored. When Louis passed away, the brothels were finally closed—for one full day of mourning.

During the years that followed, a succession of French monarchs threatened to abolish prostitution. These promises pacified the priesthood. But, as it appears all Heads of State must be, the rulers in Paris were, appropriately, "Tricky Dicks." Records show that prostitutes were hired for countless state functions (and unstated functions).

This was the beginning of a trend that was aided by a relaxation on the part of the church.

As a business dealing in services, prostitution has always adeptly adapted to changing demands. So more and more whores of high caliber began leaving the quick turnover Bawdy Houses to do piecemeal when and where the customer specified.

Of this crack crew, the best educated soon found new "housing"—in the palaces of Europe.

Thus, in the dawning light of the Renaissance, "courtesans" (literally, ladies of the court) stood revealed as an exalted breed. The brothel girls kept banging along, but felt they were of a lower caste.

Courtesans were in particular favor in Rome—at the Papal Court of Alexander Borgia.

The court had an official historian named Burchard, who left us an especially detailed recording of a typical

evening's entertainment in early October, 1501.

The authoritative Burchard tells of the Pope ordering fifty courtesans brought to his chambers (try to get that kind of room service at a Statler-Hilton).

After sharing a festive dinner with the Pope's guests—who included Caesar Borgia and his younger sister Lucrezia, the courtesans entertained by dancing with the Pope's servitors—at first clothed, then nude.

Soon, though, shuffling off to buff wasn't titillating enough for Alexander and company.

So, dozens and dozens of lit candles were placed at random across the dance floor, and chestnuts were scattered among them. The naked courtesans were then directed to gather the chestnuts as best they could on their hands and knees—with *both* hands always flat on the floor! (Take note: here, undoubtedly, is the origin of the old saying, "How in hell can I snatch this chestnut out of the fire?")

Enjoying the acceptance—and protection—of spiritual and governmental leaders, the European prostitute took on a new image. She was viewed almost as a horizontal public servant, especially in France.

In Toulouse, for instance, profits at the local brothel were shared by the city and the university. A revolutionary concept in co-op education might well have been pioneered in this true seat of learning had it not been for a basic lesson in social hygiene.

A syphilis wave engulfed Europe in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Hundreds of thousands suffered and died.

Courtesans began losing their popularity. So did the curbstom courtesan, the streetwalkers. Europe's best minds went to work on the VD problem. Many believed the answer was a licensed, supervised brothel system, coupled with a strong effort to discourage outside, unlicensed prostitutes.

Licensed license had a disciple in Bernard Mandeville, English author of *The Fable Of The Bees*. In 1724, Mandeville described a "most desirable" licensing program in his monograph, "A Modest Defense Of Publick Stews." A stew regular, sort of a horny Mr. Clean, Mandeville felt compelled to cross swords with those who dared attack "the first genuine Anglo-Saxon contribution to World Culture." So he called for an Act of Parliament granting extraordinary privileges and immunities to operators and employees of a hundred new brothels, all to be built in one special quarter of London.

This "city apart"—a Lecher's Levittown—was to house two thousand



"Say, baby, what are you doing later?"



# A POSTAL SAFARI

With atlas in hand, M. W. Martin takes a sexy trip

A LETTER came across my desk the other day from Intercourse, Pennsylvania. What called my attention was the envelope: It was apparently run through an obliterator! Yes, it was plain to see that the post office tried—with heavy, wavy lines—to eliminate the offensive Intercourse. I lifted the envelope off the stack, and as chance would have it, right underneath it was a postcard from Organ, New Mexico. No wavy lines. I thought about it for a while. Here was obviously a censor's choice: Intercourse was denied; Organ was allowed to stand. I dropped a note to the Postmaster General telling him about the fate of Intercourse and questioning why Organ received a different handling. He has yet to reply, but while waiting, out of curiosity, I took a safari through my atlas. The results were amazing. This land of ours is full of sexy place names!

Not only did I find another Intercourse (in Alabama), but up came a Dick in Ohio and a Dingus in Kentucky. Erect is in North Carolina, Limp is in Kentucky. Jack is in Alabama—a sexy state which also boasts a Fackler. It's a good thing that the censors don't understand Spanish or New Jersey would be sure to lose its Verga, a small post office with a name that in Spanish is an extreme vulgarity for the male appendage. Ding Dong in Texas sounds large—things are supposed to be in Texas—Finger in Tennessee is appropriately small: population only 150.

There is a Broadland in South Dakota and a French Broad in Tennessee. Virgin is in Utah, Lady in Virginia, and Darling in Pennsylvania. Alabama has a Nymph.

For those who like their thrills on the wild side, there is a Vixen in Louisiana and a Wild Cat in Kentucky. Arizona is the home of Carefree.

We get our jollies as we can. Kissimmee is in Florida; Lick is in Illinois; and French Lick is in Indiana. For the old-fashioned, Slide Inn is in California.

You can find Pinch and Caress in West Virginia; Tightsqueeze in North Carolina; Broad Bottom in Kentucky; and Spread Eagle in Wisconsin.

Handsom is in Virginia. There is Charm in Oregon, and Prim may be found in Arkansas.

There's a Casanova in Virginia; a Beauty in Kentucky; and a Blueball in Pennsylvania, the state that has the Bird in Hand. Saltpetre is available in West Virginia. Get out your French dictionary and look up Grosse Tete. It's in Louisiana.

Love is common; you'll find it all over the land. Arizona has it and so do Kentucky and Virginia. Loveland is in Iowa, and Love Joy is in North Carolina. There is Romance in West Virginia and Loving in Texas. A Lay is found in Colorado, a Lovelock in Alaska, and a Climax in Georgia. For Bliss you go to Nevada.

The action is varied throughout the land. You can Holder in Illinois, Admire in Kansas, Ogle in Kentucky, and Wink in Texas. If she Needmore, it's in Kentucky. Great Neck is in New York. She Grants Pass in Oregon.

Box can be found in Oklahoma and Cherry Box in Missouri. For the cut-rate trade there is a Dime Box in Texas. A Cherry can be had in Illinois and a Wild Cherry awaits you in Arkansas. Coy City is in Texas, but Cox City is in Oklahoma.

There's a Pansy in Missouri; a Fairy in Texas; and a Queen in North Carolina. Gay can be found in Idaho, and there is a Dike apiece in Texas and Iowa. Manly can be found not too far away from the Iowa Dike.

And a note to the residents of Blowing Rock, North Carolina: There's a Cocksackie in New York.

Do Stop is in Kentucky. The sex-safari has ended. I'm off to Assawoman, Virginia.





whores, a hundred resident physicians, a hundred experienced matrons, and one high commissioner who would represent The Crown.

Britishers hooted down so "fanciful" an idea. Evidently they did not believe they were their brothels' keepers. Too bad. How much we can relish the thought of some regal rump-retailer rolling over to reveal a smooth right buttock on which is discreetly tattooed the Royal Seal and the legend: "By Appointment To His Majesty, The King." It might have happened!

Too bad, also, that Mandeville was not alive eighty years later, when Napoleon borrowed liberally from the enlightened Englishman in establishing the Parisian system of *maisons de tolerance*, which became a model for continental Europe during the 1800's.

Napoleon's influence reached across the ocean to the New World, to New Orleans, where French privateers were entertained by creamy Creole concubines in gracious houses run by Madam Mabel's spiritual ancestors.

New Orleans, then, gave birth to the blues—and to America's red light districts as well. Finally, of course, the she-nannigans in the Delta City roused the righteous wrath of every proper thinking organization from the W.C.T.U. to the S.P.C.A.

But these proper thinkers improperly ignored the contribution that was being made to the world of music. Many a later-renowned jazz pianist polished his technique by playing preludes which the Creole lasses made overtures of their own in the gaudy parlors of the Bawdy Houses in Old New Orleans. Call it art for tart's sake!

If a tinkling piano symbolized prostitution in the Delta, then tinkling laughter typified Oriental whoring in the nineteenth century.

Laughter, refreshments, good conversation, sex.

In that order, that is what the paying customers expected in Asia.

Quite frequently, they were delighted to stop at "good conversation." Sex was by no means the favorite cup of tea in the geisha houses of Japan. (And, in the flower boats of China, intercourse was merely a chink-filler.)

It was a traumatic experience for leisurely Eastern exotics when they were first introduced to wham-bam representatives of the Western world. Sing? Dance? Sip tea? Busy Occidentals had no time for these amenities. Worse, in the view of a woman accustomed to removing her footwear before entering a home, some of these westerners didn't even pull off their boots before crawling into bed!

The Oriental prostitute gradually adjusted to western co-habits. She

even learned to answer with good grace that inevitable, snickering question of an anatomical slant which was destined to forever plague her.

Who disproved Kipling by arranging the mating of East and West? Why, a new character in our saga, the pimp!

The pimp chugged into the picture in a cinder-specked British railroad coach.

Events create heroes. Circumstances dictate the emergence of new arts and sciences.

In the instance of the pimp, two factors were at play: a concentration of chippies in the large cities of England, with a resultant wench-pinch in rural areas; and the advent of the steam engine, which dramatically reduced travel time between English hamlets. Put them together—a shrewd Britisher did—and suddenly you have a middle-man—in the flesh.

History's first pimp, as we understand the term today, was an anonymous individual who hired a prostitute to service clientele he had developed in two remote towns in northern England. Soon panderers were meandering about all across England and the continent. And they were not without their moments of glory.

Take the trying period in France when virgins were suddenly in great demand and brought the highest of prices. The difficulty of finding a

number of French virgins would have caused lesser men to throw up their hands in dismay. But not the pimps! Not these dedicated, perservering men! At their behest, Parisian doctors devised a technique for "restoring" virginity, or, in the physicians' words, "rearranging the crumpled blossoms of the rose." Some whores were sewn up more times than a boy's blue jeans.

The pimps themselves seemed to have things "sewn up" everywhere—everywhere in the world. Yes, they were soon operating on a global scale—buying and selling personnel, importing and exporting (unquestionably by tramp steamer), forming guilds and protective associations. Unfortunately, as any chamber of commerce representative will tell you, governments have never understood businessmen. Efforts were soon made to stop "white slave traffic."

*Item: Great Britain's Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885.*

*Item: The International Treaty of Paris of 1904.*

*Item: The United States' "Mann Act" of 1910.*

Traffic thinned on the trollop-line, but the pimp survived.

Through the surge and smash of two great wars, the pimp's unflagging leadership produced buff brigades with incredible devotion to country and duty, ceaselessly working prostitutes  
(Continued on page 38)



"One pizza to go, with everything."





## **Scandinavian #1,275**

It's difficult to find a more popular area for models than Scandinavia. Hardly a magazine is complete these days without its lovely, fresh Swede, Dane, or Norwegian. So, here's Cavalier's treat for the month, Salvig Fundberg, twenty-two-year-old blonde

**PHOTOGRAPHS**

**BY KURT HANSON**







from Stockholm. And you saw her first on this month's front cover. We're only kidding about her being number 1,275, however. She's number one, for sure.









who brought relief to others. And he saw to it that the Roaring Twenties were also the Whoring Twenties, countering an escalating emphasis on free love with smarter merchandising and packaging of fee love. And he dared to walk among the unemployed during the Great Depression, defying social stigma; he dickered and he bartered and he improvised financing plans—showing for all time his reason for being.

Today's pimp is often loved by the prostitutes who support him. And each girl considers herself "the sweet man's" favorite. This is particularly true in Harlem. There, pimps frequently employ seven prostitutes, sleeping with a different one each night of the week. By the way, Harlem pimps seldom use given names. It's "Black Percy" or "Sportin' Dave" or "Satin-head" or "Lord Buddha" or some other pander-handle.

By any name, the pimp has survived. But—

The Bawdy House is tumbling down.

The modern-day "house" is not an ornate sex palace, but more often a dingy apartment. Gone is broad selection. The madam now generally offers the customer his choice of only two or three girls—second string sluts, at that—and the whole business is dreary and somehow sad when one recalls the glory that was Greece and the wonder that was New Orleans.

In the seventies, the fate of the "oldest profession" really rides on the busy backsides of three groups: streetwalkers, bar girls, and call girls.

Among dolls for sale, the streetwalker is Raggedy Ann. Often illiterate and unattractive, endowed only with willingness and stamina, she takes on all comers for whatever price she can haggle.

(Speaking of haggling, there's a standard line used by perambulating prostitutes on Forty-Second Street in New York: "It's up to you, daddy. Five, ten, twenty dollars—it's the same to me. But not to you. For five, I'm just around, and you do all the work. For ten, I help you out some. But, gimme twenty, and all you gotta do is hang on.")

The middle layer of whoredom, that's the bar girl. Sometimes paid to hustle drinks, mostly tolerated as she hustles herself, the bar girl is usually a rare streetwalker going up, or—more commonly, if you will pardon me—a call girl going down.

In the flagship of the flesh fleet is the call girl. Top-drawer call girls earn one hundred to three hundred for an hour or two of their exclusive services—and that means an annual income of \$50,000 to \$100,000. Prostitutes in

this bracket feel it a point of pride to furnish their pimps with a new Cadillac each year.

Closer to the norm are call girls who receive twenty-five to seventy-five dollars per assignment. The chronicler supposes *their* pimps get Fords. (Beware of the pimp in the second-hand Volkswagen.)

Call girls flit about in society's highest circles, just as courtesans did in centuries past. For example, a few years ago, there was the Profumo affair, and the case of a dear deported German frau who furthered international relations with her energetic fraternizing at Washington cocktail parties.

Other events of the last decade clearly show that prostitution is moving with the times.

In the midwest, a whore house is rumored to be operating in an abandoned airport (a sindrome?).

In Rome, a woman must be caught in the physical act to be charged with prostitution. Crafty Italian hookers circumvent the law by working in pairs—in automobiles. One drives, while her traveling companion entertains customers in the back seat. Thus we have a *Fiat accompli*—a new chapter in the story of auto-eroticism.

In this day, when overwhelming candor has become the rule in autobiographies, the sex salesgirl has also held up her end.

The last of New York's Grand Madams, Polly Adler, wrote *A House Is Not A Home*.

Not long afterward, perhaps to prove that teacher's pet, Virginia McManus—a school marm turned prostitute—recorded her personal horizontal history in a book titled *Not For Love*. The chronicler sincerely hopes that Miss McManus performed with greater skill between the sheets than she did between hard covers.

Now, of course, Mabel has taken pen in hand.

But remember: There never could have been a Madam Mabel without 2,400 years of tireless effort by women who believed in *A Dream*, women who believed in the rightness and inevitability of commercial sex, women who believed that the end justifies the means.

Without such visionaries, Mabel would merely have been another girl from Bowling Green, Kentucky, wandering through life footlose and fanny-free.

And thereby hangs our tale. †



"Gettin' any bites?"





# NAT'S GIRLS

Friend of ours, named Nat, moved to Europe last year. His letters that followed were more interesting for what you could read between the lines than for what he actually wrote; he told about his new-found home in Luxembourg, his work, his many weekend trips. It was that last item that made reading between the lines so interesting. So much so, in fact, we couldn't believe it.

Well, it's true. Nat recently returned to New York for a short business trip. He stopped at our office and casually dropped these photographs on our desk. "Ah, those weekends," he said.

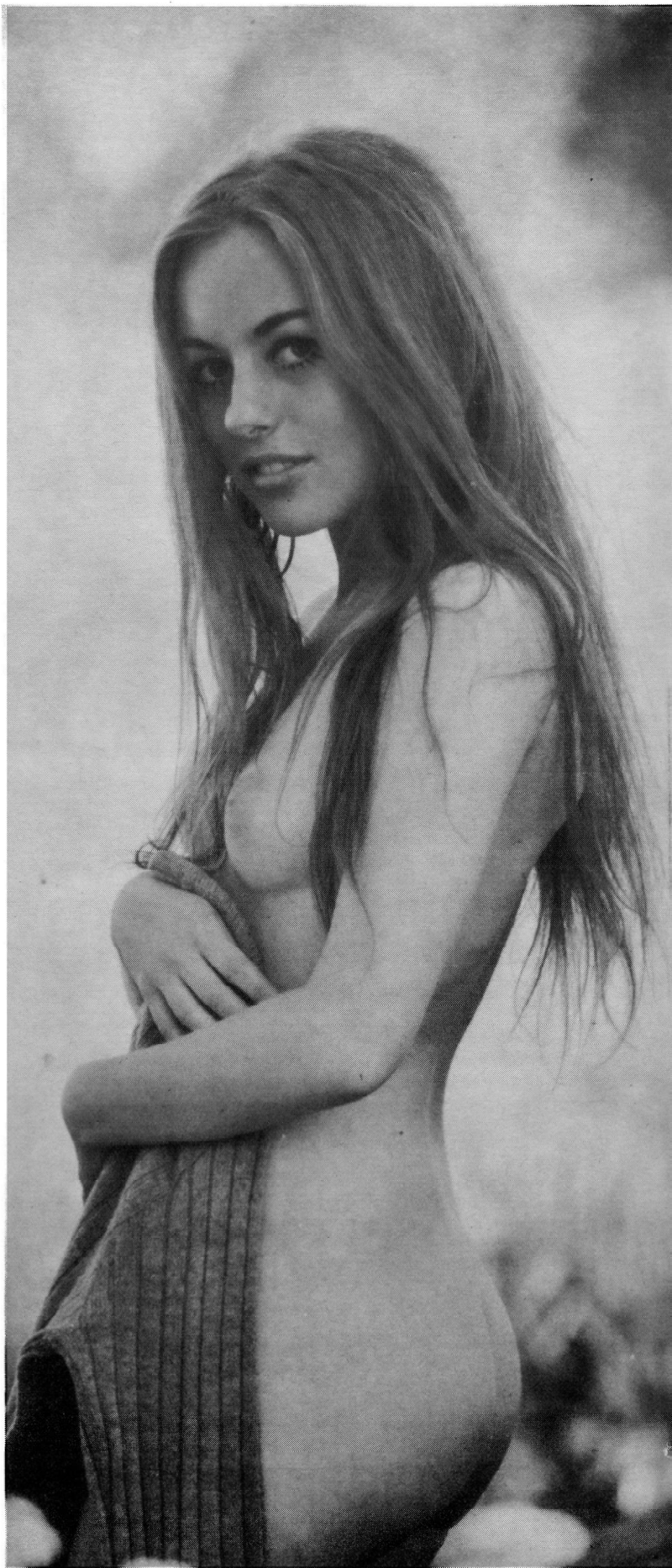


*Oslo-born Lila spends every vacation at Spain's Costa Brava where this photograph was taken*





*Anita, a German-born brunette, was photographed while on a holiday in Denmark.*



*Twenty-three-year-old Amy was born in Berlin, now lives in London.*





*Carol, a model and actress, was photographed in her Amsterdam apartment.*



*London-born Pat (above) rarely travels to the continent. "I like it right here in England," she says. The black-haired Belgian beauty on the right answers to the name Minnie. Margaret (below) is a buyer for a Paris department store.*











## **“I LIKE OLD THINGS”**

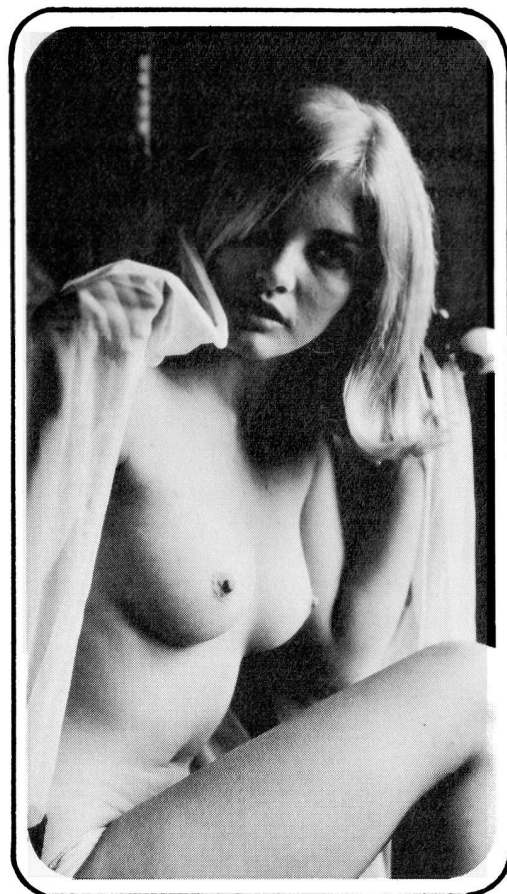
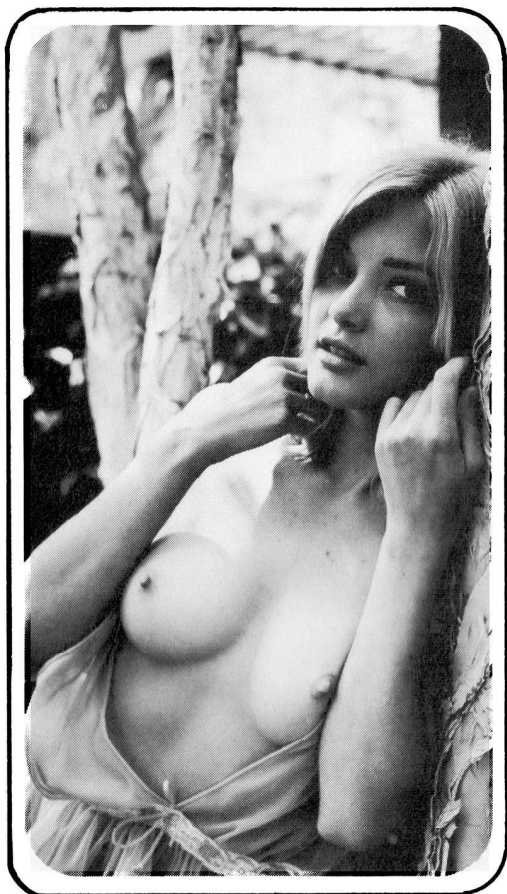
Ingrid Simpson thinks an antique is anything that was made before 1940. Maybe that's because she's getting old. Not that she minds, of course, for she “perfectly











loves" old things. She has a clock that is "very, very old," which her mother got as a present in 1920. She has a candalabra which was her grandmother's in 1910, and which Ingrid treats with all due respect because of its great age.

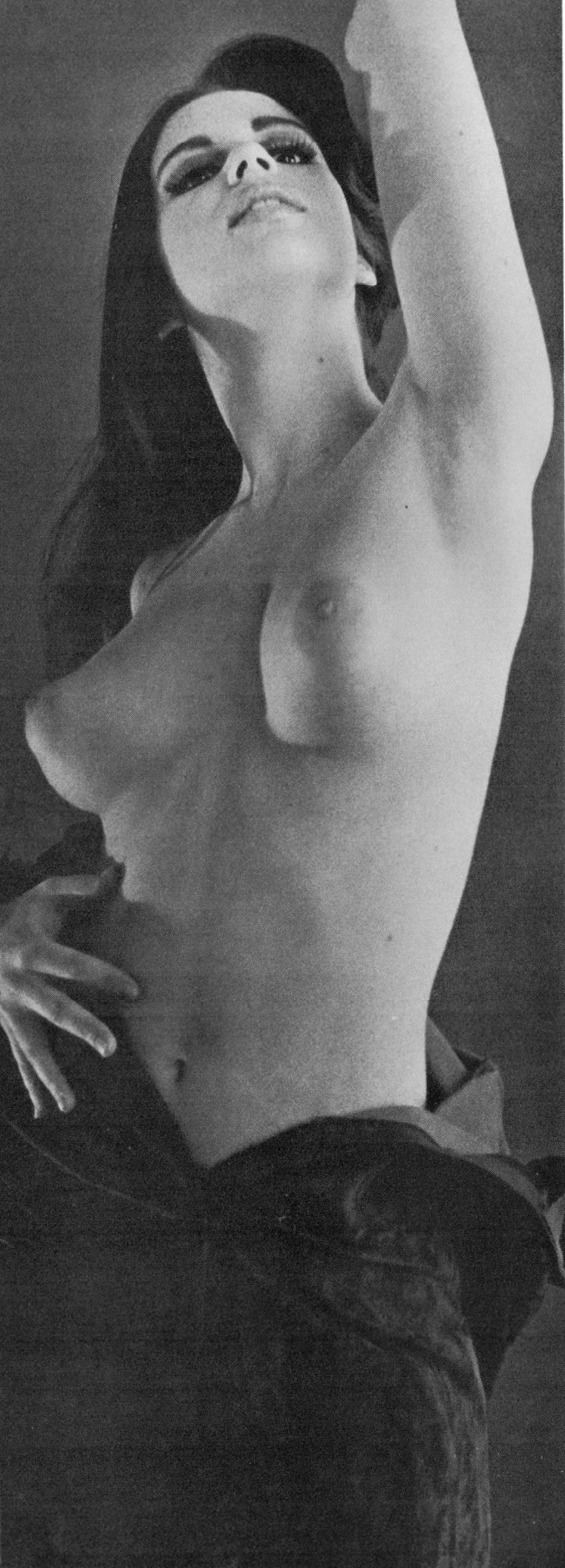
Ingrid is not just a collector of antiques, though. She loves to party and have a good time. "There's an ancient song that my mother used to sing. It goes something like, 'Enjoy yourself,

enjoy yourself. It's later than you think.' So I do just that."

Only last night, Ingrid informed us, she went to three parties. The last lasted until the wee hours of the following afternoon. "I just came home here, put on my bikini, and plopped down by the pool and went to sleep. I was so exhausted."

I suppose because of my hectic social life, that's why I basically like old things. They're so peaceful and eternal, it seems."





## *Designing Woman*



Beautiful Dana Johnson has led a fascinating life up to this point, she says, and she feels it certainly isn't going to stop now. Dana was born twenty-three years ago in New Bedford, Massachusetts, the daughter of a Portuguese fisherman. She grew up surrounded by all the lush loveliness of that Atlantic coastline town. "I guess that's why I'm so interested in art. Everywhere I looked I could see the beauty of nature."

Dana attended college in Maine and Florida. "I went to Florida after two years because I wanted to get as far away from the snow as I could." She majored in commercial art and intended to get into advertising for a while. Traveling to New York, she got a job with a major agency, but she only worked in that field for a short time. "I wanted to do something more than cutting and pasting. I wanted to design." So she quit her job and looked around for something else. "Luckily, I landed a job in a large department store designing playsuits for little boys and girls." That was great for a while until it got boring, and then she tried her hand at leather goods—handbags, vests, jackets, etc. "I still enjoy working in leather, and I still have part interest in a little leather shop, but I'm not designing for it anymore. Now, I'm into something new." Dana



















became interested in her present occupation while working in the department store. She watched the window display designers at work and decided that was the way she could tie all her talents and interests together in one bundle. "And besides," she says, "I enjoy having my work admired. I even considered using myself in a display, you know, as a mannequin, so I could watch the people's reaction to my work. But the store manager wouldn't let me. He said the people would never notice the merchandise. It was a compliment, I guess."





# THE GURUS DID IT FIRST

This doctor's prescription from a couple of thousand years ago still seems groovy today: "Man should drink while being shampooed by clean, loving, beautiful, young, and well-trained women, decked in fine clothes, jewels, and flowers, suitable to the season."

By Will Holm

The next time you visit your family doctor, blow up his stethoscope to gain attention and ask: "How much illness is really organic?"

When he comes down off the ceiling—if he's honest and keeping up with his trade—he'll estimate that fifty to eighty percent of patients' problems are not physical but emotional.

Ten years ago, he'd have denied that. Which is progress. But it has taken the medical profession almost a hundred years to grab what Sigmund Freud meant about an emotional laxative doing more good than an enema. Yet the great Freud himself only rediscovered what Hindu philosopher-physicians had known for thousands of years. The more we learn of medicine and the behavioral sciences, the more it becomes evident that the gurus usually got there first.

Several Asiatic countries had a piece of the early action, but Mother India led the way, starting back in the Vedic period. (The Vedas were sacred books. The Ayurveda was the basis for a remarkable scientific system that began evolving around 1500 B.C. It can be noted in passing that words like Om and Sutra and Aranyakas and Samhita are all good when you are with the Yoga subculture in your peer group.)

Thousands of years before your friendly neighborhood M.D., physician-priests knew that a nagging wife or a horse's ass for a boss causes more ulcers than demons or hyperacidity—and they did something about it, too. They knew that man is a total, mental and physical, not a collection of unrelated parts (which the A.M.A. still hasn't quite coped with yet). They knew what Christian Barnard and the other heart transplanters are painfully rediscovering: that there is in all nature, from roses' thorns to man's

antibodies, a defense mechanism which fights invasion.

(This isn't exactly in the right sequence, but for the more virile readers it can be reported here that reconstructive surgery got started partly because of a favorite ancient Indian hobby—carrying on with other men's wives. The laws of Manu set as penalty for adultery to have the nose cut off, making it very tough to find takers the next time a guy went looking. In the writings of the great Susrata, surgeons are given detailed instructions on how to take a leaf from a certain tree, cut out a piece the size of the missing olfactory organ, apply it to another part of the adulterer's body, and cut out a segment of skin of the proper size, then sew it in place of the nose. There must have been a lot of illicit banging, because Indian surgeons got so good at re-nosing the boys that portions of the technique are still studied. Now back to the scholarly stuff.)

Early Vedic medicine was divided into eight specialties: internal medicine, pediatrics, ear-nose-throat, surgery, toxicology (poisoning kings was the Vedic equivalent of the Cosa Nostra at work and play), psychotherapy, geriatrics, and "virility." In 1970, to make a quick comparison, geriatrics is still a shamefully neglected field. As far as virility is concerned, most modern M.D.'s should be listening, not teaching; ask their wives. Psychiatry we'll get back to in a few minutes.

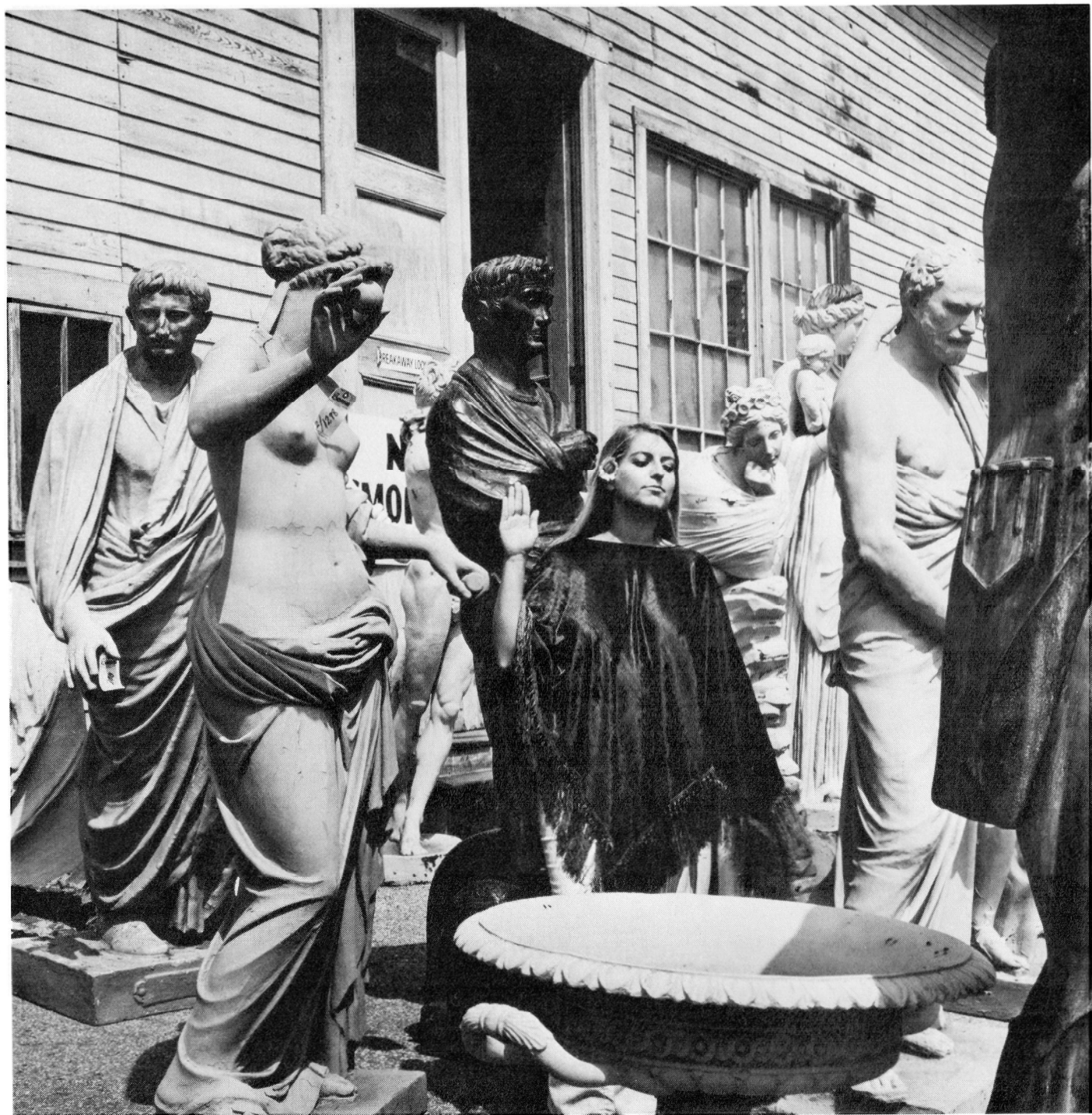
The later Vedic healers could diagnose many diseases, including diabetes, had a wide range of drugs for treatment, knew physical medicine, built artificial limbs, prescribed excellent diets (including wines and sex for appetizers), had the reproductive system down cold, were excellent gynecologists and obstetricians (which (Continued on page 58)





## In The Magic Backyard Of A Hollywood Lion





Surrounded by some static extras from M.G.M.'s 1953 production of *Julius Caesar*, Sara looks properly statuesque.

The next time the M.G.M. lion turns his stately head and politely roars at the movie audience, put down your popcorn and concentrate on that Latin motto that encircles old Leo's luxuriant mane—

"*Ars Gratia Artis.*" (For you Greek or Russian majors that Englishes itself out as "Art For Art's Sake.")

But Hollywood's art has been getting more and more risky—studios are very rickety structures these days, financially at least. One super-expensive film, if it's not a super-hit, can quickly drain off the profits from dozens of respectable money makers. So the studios

are cutting their overhead, and, as the overhead vanishes,

so does much of the legendary glamour of the Old Hollywood. Part of M.G.M.'s solution to the money

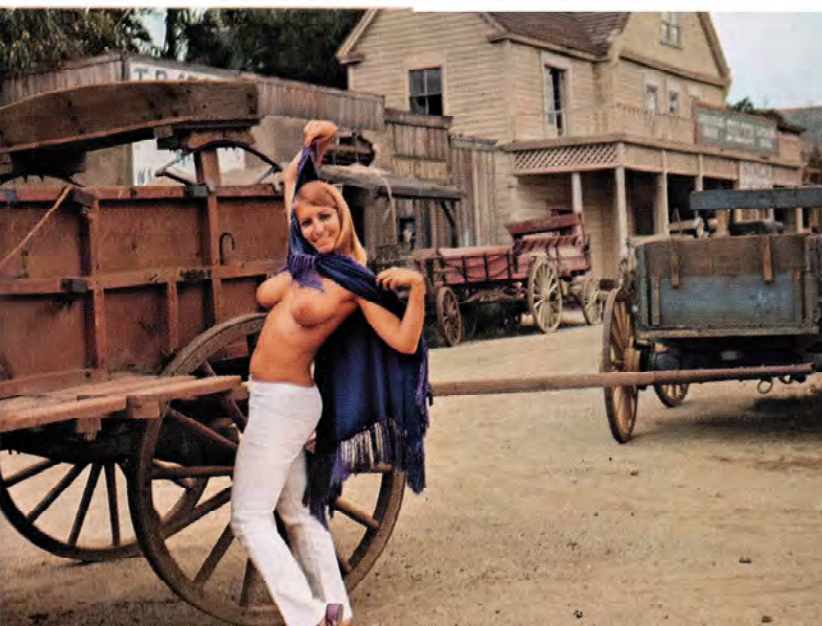
squeeze was to sell the contents of its prop warehouses and its backlot—everything from Judy Garland's shoes to Joan Crawford's shoulder pads went for high prices in a month-long series of auctions.

Just before the dismantling of this fabled dreamland, *Cavalier* followed Sara Hoffman, a young actress who may restore glamour to the Hollywood of tomorrow, through its acres.





Above: If Sara had been on the scene when W. C. Fields and Mae West heated up this railway car, Mae might still be in the roundhouse. Above, right: Sara thinks it was Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell who graced this carriage, but we opted for Lana Turner. Right: The revolution of 1776 must have happened on this street at least a dozen times. Far right: The Old West kept sign painters working overtime. Below: Saloons, Prairie Schooners, and livery stables—the stuff of a hundred Hollywood epics of the making of America—and a beautiful girl to keep the plot bubbling.







The town square and the courthouse—*Fury* in 1936; *Of Human Hearts* in 1938; and always in American mythology.





Left: This doorway on the lot's "European street" may date back to King Vidor's great 1925 silent, *The Big Parade*. Above: Sara settles into her elegant equipage—sadly, the era of the enormous costume drama seems long gone. But Hollywood has been pronounced dead many times in the past and has always confounded the doomsayers and critics.



Above: How many villains swung from this scaffold? Above, right: Marauding Vikings were the last Hollywood army to set sail in this often re-designed craft. Right: Every style of dwelling imaginable stands on the M.G.M. lot—this transplanted chalet seems oddly out of place amount its rustic companions. Far right: The great Johnny Weismuller must have scouted this rocky jungle terrain—if he'd ever run into Sara, Maureen O'Sullivan might have had to move out of Tarzan's tree house!





just shows what much close observation can do). They approved of smoking, in moderation—but they built filters into cigars to trap harmful tars!

In preventive medicine—keeping the citizenry well instead of patching people up later—they were a good 3,000 years ahead of us. They made it fun, too.

In early Hindu mythology, Death—all of whose children were diseases—had one real dog for a daughter, whose name translates loosely as Pooped Out. Physicians of the time advised: “To ward off this daughter of Mother Death, exercise, walk in the springtime, have occasional intercourse with a young girl, eat regularly in diet, anoint the head and soles of the feet in oil, cover the body against the sun’s heat, avoid drenching rains, indulge in warm baths.” When was the last time that your doctor prescribed intercourse, let alone with a young girl?

Indian surgery of 2,500 years ago and more was dazzlingly modern. Surgeons used more than 120 different instruments on such things as anal fistulas, tonsils, amputations, cataracts, difficult births, ligation of blood vessels, even brain surgery.

Their biggest lack was modern anesthetics to control pain. They did not do badly with booze (to get patients happily bombed), roots, seeds, flowers, herbs, berries, barks—poppy, mandragora, and Indian hemp, among others—to induce healing sleep or to reduce pain. They even experimented with sex as a pre-operative sedative.

The great Susrata wasn’t just flacking for his specialty when he said proudly in 700 B.C.: “Surgery is the first and highest division of the healing arts, least likely to fallacy, pure in itself, perpetual in its applicability, the worthy product of heaven, the sure source of fame on earth.”

But if surgery was most advanced, ancient psychiatry was most intriguing.

Early priest-sorcerers everywhere used a crude psychosomatic technique of driving out illness devils by prayer, incantations, and amulets. The ancient Indians added deep insights, plus pain-relieving tranquilizers of various kinds, which were uncannily like 1970 psychotherapy.

The Indian psychiatrist had something going for him from the start. He figured that gods and men needed each other and had a lot in common. (“When Cyavana, son of Bhrgu, faced loss of voice and body-joy as the result of old age, the Aswin Twins, physicians to the gods, made him young and able again,” an early medical history reports happily.)

The Rig-Veda, 3,500 years ago, nailed down that life was for living.

Man then believed in reward and punishment in the post-life period, sure; but if he had to choose between making it good now and in the hereafter, then the hell with the hereafter. Increasingly, top priority went to peace and playing it very cool, much in the style and idiom of the original hippies, except that the Establishment in those days was pushing the idea instead of the citizens around the Ganges. Maya’s “Moksa” (sort of an appeal for release from slavery to the openly sensuous) said: “To realize oneself is to identify with the common good.” Read for that, “Do your own thing and everybody comes out ahead, man,” and you’ve got what the flower children kept trying to explain to the fuzz.

Karma, the doctrine of continued rebirth, evolved along in here someplace. It wasn’t all that big a deal, some thought, but it took.

By around 800 B.C., Indian psychiatrists were carrying on a practice that rivaled Hollywood today. The idea that it helped to talk out hurts and analyze dreams had long since passed from theory to practice.

The teacher Atreya said that emotional problems should be treated like any other disease, something the A.M.A. hasn’t entirely caught up with yet. Atreya said, “Neither gods nor Gandharvas, neither goblins nor demons, nor ought else torment the man who is not tormented by himself.” Nobody, including Freud, ever said it better.

Pretty much everybody by now can rap some about gurus and Yoga and the Eight-fold Path. This is a later Hindu refinement that tries to get body and senses the hell out of the way so a person can think of more important things, like eternity or is the belly button really the center of the universe. (It is.)

Some historians insist that the Chinese were superior even to the Indians in dream analysis and awareness of the role of the unconscious—two of Sigmund Freud’s basic “discoveries.” For sure, the Chinese had a working system for relating the physical and mental/emotional not long after the reign of Huang-ti, “the Yellow Emperor,” who, as everyone knows, ran things around 4,000 years ago.

Besides India and China, almost every early Asiatic country adapted its unique form of Ayurvedic science. Indonesia, more than 2,000 years ago. Bali, with its 250 palm leaf records of theory and practice. Tibet (where Lhasa’s Chakpori Medical College was the oldest existing institution of its kind, anywhere). Japan. Inner Mongolia. One famous Mongol practitioner

of Ayurdic medicine was the Siberian N.W. Badmaev—and if that name doesn’t grab you, then some of his patients will. The writer Tolstoy. The dictator Josef Stalin. Just yesterday, in terms of history.

Beyond any rational argument, the ancient orientals handled sex and nudity more reasonably than we do. “Nature or a god designed the penis for a dual role, and anybody who uses it just for peeing is some kind of a lichi nut,” about sums it up.

Not that they were hedonistic (in spite of what your Yoga-practicing roommate says when you try to get some sleep for a change). There were rules of moderation in sex, as in all things. And there were differences of opinion about how much of what was enough. Their superiority was in reconciling points of view.

Take nudity, still a big hairy deal in U.S.A. 1970.

India’s Jain religious leaders once were asked to rule on what monks should wear. They decreed that half the monks should be “white clothed” and half “sky clothed”—a lovely synonym for bare-assed. And both the prudes and the lewds went away happy. Worked like that all the time.

Take women. (Go ahead, take some. The inscrutable East did, without getting all sweaty-armed like we do.)

Nobody pretended that man and woman were equal. “Do not condemn nor confide in woman overmuch, nor divulge to her a secret,” about summed things up. A woman was a sheath, not a sword, and thrived.

The classic oriental female was totally feminine. Early Malaysian or Japanese or Chinese art shows a satin-skinned creature with a softly inviting smile, full sensual breasts and hips, small waist—altogether desirable and consenting as a sex partner. She had a subordinate role in society, knew it, accepted it—and your sister at UCLA should be so happy.

Sex was supposed to be fun, for both parties, and was. Exciting. Endlessly different. Imaginative, not just screwing. And Hugh Hefner never said it so good as the great sage, Caraka, a couple of thousand years ago, in suggesting a fun way to unwind after a tough day at the office: “Man should drink while being shampooed by clean, loving, beautiful, young, and well-trained women, decked in fine clothes, jewels, and flowers suitable to the season.”

The idea of a seasonal change of pace in sex thunders across 3,500 years in these noble lines: “When winter comes, one should always wear warm and thick clothing and should have one’s body anointed with thick





# ***Manhattan Magic***

New York is where the action is, and that's where Lee and Hilda want to be—in the midst of what's happening. The girls are roommates who didn't know each other before they came to the big city. The girls were both drawn to the glamour of New York because in their fields—art and acting—it's the place to be.

Lee is the artist and she finds it very convenient that Hilda, her roommate, not only provides her with an excellent model for life study, but Hilda is glad to do it. And Hilda, the actress, finds that











Lee is happy to return the favor by providing someone that she can play with. That is, Lee takes the opposite part to Hilda whenever she is learning lines in a play, and Lee also helps Hilda block out her movements, even if it's a love scene. The girls are such good friends that there is no embarrassment.

"We've worked out our life styles to fit in with our careers," says Hilda, "and that works out great."

"It sure does," agrees Lee. "Just think how many people have to split up their lives, living one half in their chosen career, and the other half at home with their roommate or family. We don't have to do that. Our interests just seem to have become compatibly intertwined."

"Isn't it great that we happened to find each other," says Hilda. "It's just another part of that Manhattan Magic."



paste of eagle-wood. Lying in bed with a plump and passionate woman of high and full breasts, who has been anointed herself with the paste of eagle-wood, one should, warmed with aphrodisiac wines, spend the night in her embraces . . . . For one should drink wholesome honey wine and enjoy the youthful loveliness of women and gardens." Apparently, if you didn't dig gardens, you could double up on women.

On this thing of aphrodisiacs or sex stimulants, just last year United States scientists came unglued when a drug for treatment of a neurologic disease was suspected of giving a boost to guys having trouble getting it up. Our resident geniuses couldn't even agree if it was a good idea, if it did help.

Big deal. Listen to Caraka, early Hindu physician: "The woman who is good looking, young, endowed with auspicious physiognomic marks, amiable and skilled in the sex arts, acts as the best aphrodisiac. The best means of stimulating one's manhood is an exhilarating sex partner. When the desired sense-objects (breasts and what not) yield great pleasure, even if singly experienced, what need be said of the woman in whom the delectable objects come together? . . . Approaching her, the man gains confidence; seeing, he gets greatly elated; she whom he approaches daily with great eagerness as if for the first time, and laying with her in sex repeatedly he remains yet unsatisfied—such a woman is the best sex stimulant to man."

You can say that again, Caraka, baby.

Another thing the ancient Indian leaders had going for them was good sense. They knew the sexual relations thing had for final purpose the making of a baby, preferably male. But, unlike Bishop Bluenose today, the oriental wise men didn't forget how it felt to be young and itching gonadally. They accepted the fundamental spread between banging for fun and baby-making banging. And did something about it.

For boys, it was suggested that sixteen was a reasonable time to start fun fornicating, with parenthood as far as possible held off until twenty-five—nine carefree years of pre-marital banging. At twenty-five, it was recommended that a man take into his bed as a wife a girl around sixteen.

And the sages didn't forget the past-twenty-fives, either. They said a man should keep right on until at least age seventy, and all the way to a hundred if the gods and his prostate were kind.

The early Hindu medical men suspected that sex might have therapeutic value for a number of problems, including fever and alcoholism. For contrast, the contemporary M.D.'s I tried that idea on either laughed or growled. Maybe. But if a drunk is running a temperature of around 105, balling a nurse would be a lot more appealing than a tube in the arm or an enema—and a lot nicer way to go if he's got to go.

Not that the sages were above trying to make sex more fun or last longer if aphrodisiacs would do it. They wrote whole books about drugs

and practices that would scorch lesions on the eyeballs of the president of the A.M.A. The Chinese even made sex stimulants a major area of study, and you know how many Chinese there are.

Ginseng—the “man-shaped root”—has been prized almost since the beginning of time for its alleged ability to boost sexual powers. It’s been worth up to five times its weight in gold at various periods.

Yin yang ts'ao, a medicinal plant, "splendidly enhances a man's sexual potency, increases sperm, furthers fertility."

Chung wei tze (Siberian motherwort) "enables woman to conceive, improves man's virility and fertility."

Lu kung (deer antler) was an excitant for somebody having trouble hardening. It was also prescribed for nightmares—which follows.

Chin t'ing (dragonflies) doubled sexual vigor.

Shui yin (mercury) was used to treat venereal disease—if your luck ran out.

Yen Kao—opium—was inescapably linked in your grandmother's airtight and fevered mind with dens of sexual evil. She was partly right, in the wrong way. The drug was not generally used to escape unbearable reality, as too often is the case today. On opium, according to sober medical evidence, the oriental could find "the Houris of the Seven Heavens," providing erotic joys no man could know in waking hours. (For what an aside is worth—only when the last Ming emperor in the seventeenth century A.D. prohibited tobacco did the Chinese really turn to and turn on with Yen Kao. Which must prove something.)

Hideous to right-thinking Americans is the ancient Eastern custom of cutting off a chunk of one's own flesh and feeding it to a fading loved one. Almost as sickening is to recall that our European ancestors drank menstrual blood as a love potion.

Other home remedies that *Cavalier* readers might want to check out on dull weekends include monkey brain, chopped root of climbing herb glycerine, and pulverized tip of trembling bamboo (available at your neighborhood Rexall store), which, when cooked together, is guaranteed to give a girl the smoldering hots. Or mix chrysanthemum stone with pulverized wing of butterfly, push results up the sleeve of somebody you're trying to make. Never misses.

And your roommate can forget The Pill. Just roast scorpions' feet, smear on wings of summer cicada, spread three fingers below her navel. If you ever do decide to have kids (and what else can you have?), all she does is



"You don't have to say a word, Mr. Fratkin."





# *Modest Beauty*

When Carolea entered a beauty contest in her native Germany, the outcome was predictable—she won. She says she was pleasantly surprised, and with a less modest beauty, her statement would be hard to believe, but with Carolea, as she talks to you with her soft, sincere voice, you believe.

Carolea has just turned nineteen and is anxiously awaiting her first screen test for a new movie which will be shooting in Sweden. "It'll be an English movie, with an Italian director, on location in





Sweden, and hopefully," she says, "with at least one German actress. An international event."

Carolea wishes to visit the United States soon, and especially wants to see Disneyland. "I'm still a little girl at heart," she explains. "It shows in my choice of careers, for what is an actress but one who refuses to grow up and continues to play 'let's-pretend' games?"





swallow the saliva of a frog for instant fertility again.

For a sexy but nasty woman, try this cure. Mix cobwebs and begonia roots and drop the results in her tea. She'll be grabbing in minutes. But watch it. The stuff's dynamite. Used more than five times, it can get the lady killed or maimed from sheer passion.

To keep genitals young and vigorous, an ancient guru explains, "massage them for as long as a maiden can hold her breath" (so there are at least three reasons for dating a well-chested maiden). If you chew sparrow tongue, snake saliva, and honey before going to bed, you can fornicate all night. Grind a mollusk, dry, pee on the powder, let it stand for three days, sprinkle with dew of blossoms, and drink—"you will surely be endowed with extraordinary potency, and moreover, there will be no undesirable after-effects therefrom" (like if the lady forgets to smear on her scorpions' feet and summer cicada).

As always, the best is simplest: "Before falling into sleep at nighttime, place both of the hands between the legs, keeping them carefully cupped about the scrotum so that the testes may not be cold. He who so proceeds will never be exhausted, his intellect will not deteriorate, he will retain youthful virility, and his hair will not become brittle." (And all the time you thought you were just diddling yourself. Right?)

It would be foolish to pretend that all was ambrosia and poontang in the ancient mystic East, naturally. In some ways they were almost as dumb as we are.

Then (as now in Boston) a Brahmin could do pretty much what he wanted, as long as his robes came from the right tailor and he did it indoors where just ordinary people couldn't see.

Then as now, what was described as justice and punishment were really just the guys with muscle pouring it on non-conformists, in too many cases.

In China, a "delinquent" was punished by having his eyelids cut off, condemning him to slow and agonizing blindness. The Establishment in 1500 B.C. went quite a bit beyond wiretapping to gather evidence—suspending friends of the accused by their thumbs, beating them with clubs or bamboo rods.

Cross-examination was beautiful in its simplicity. If it worked, it was legal. There is a classic legal brief dating back about 3,000 years, which speaks approvingly of the trial of Wu Chiang Tu, mugger and hard guy, who refused to admit he'd committed a particular crime. He kept refusing after kneeling for days on chains. He refused through

a hundred lashes with the early oriental equivalent of a bullwhip. Finally, the impatient judge had the torturer crush Wu's ankles. Then Wu confessed—to anything anybody suggested he confess to.

Later, in the generally enlightened Chou and Han dynasties, from around 1100 B.C. to 200 A.D., there were five degrees of punishment, all sick-making.

For the equivalent of repeated over-parking in a loading zone, you got branded on the forehead with a hot iron. For damage to property or theft, nose removed. For burglary or damage to government buildings, ears, hands, or feet were lopped off (if the judge had had a good breakfast, he might only tell the fuzz to jerk your kneecaps off, but that didn't happen very often).

For the really big stuff—kidnaping, robbery with murder, treason—the ancient Chinese legalists went all out: they cut a man's balls off and handed them to him.

For murder and high treason—death, usually by slow strangulation.

The ancients were as dumb as we are about vanity items. Even before TV commercials, they spent fortunes on cosmetics that didn't help then, either—perfumes, powders, creams, un-gents. The menfolks had a particular

hangup about clear complexions. Kuan Yun, who was either a god or a war hero or both, had a special casting made to protect his beard. People used red polish and silver shields to safeguard inch-long fingernails. Parents crippled girls' feet for beauty. In 1100 B.C., Chinese ladies died of starvation by the thousands—from plain old hunger if they were poor, in search of an early-Twiggy figure if they were rich.

Tortures were right out of the late show.

Standing for days in the dark in three-foot pools of feces-filled water.

Dodging poisonous snakes and hungry animals, thrown unexpectedly into prison cells.

Letting a prisoner "escape" across a hill studded with hidden, razor-sharp blades.

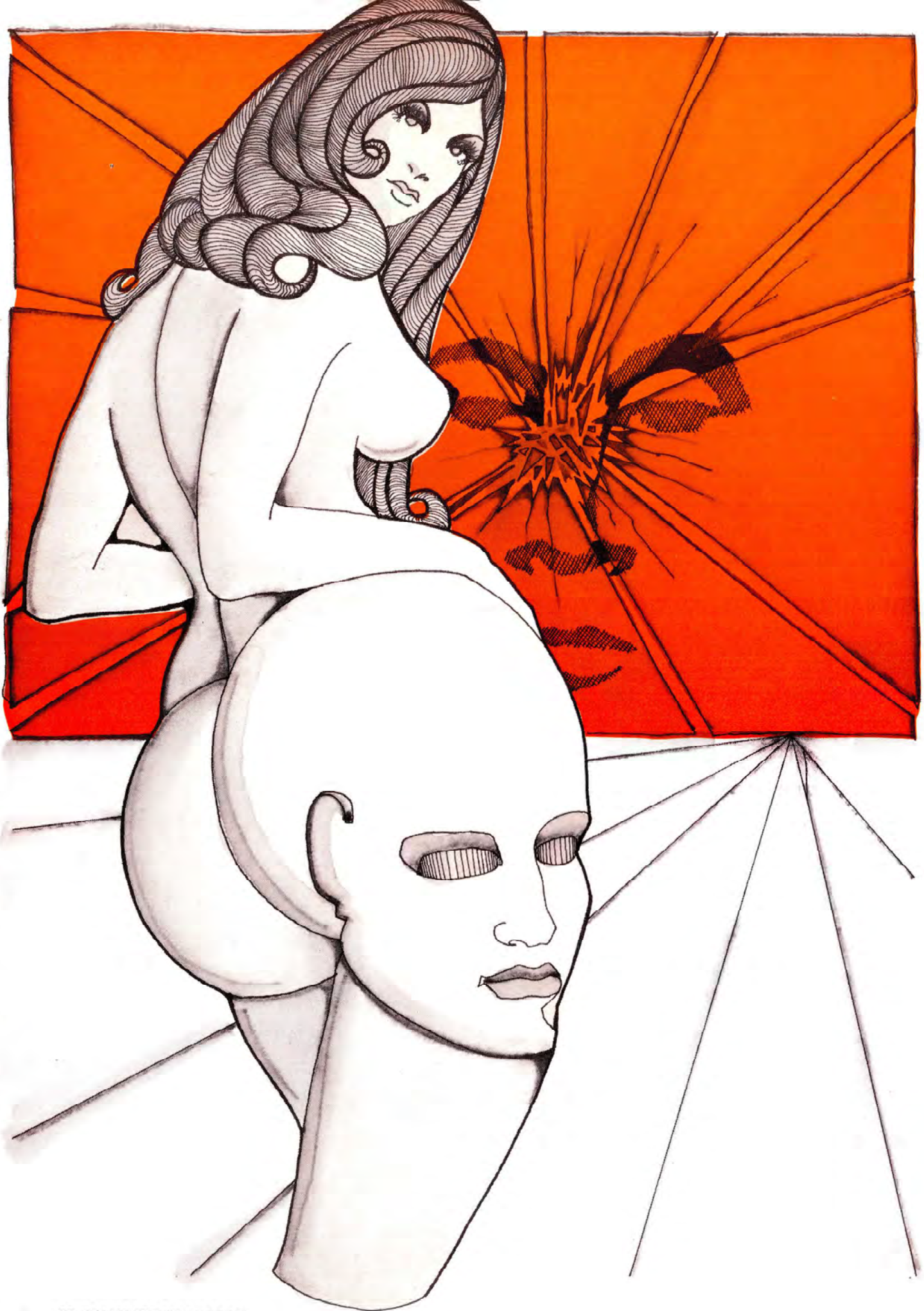
Creative stuff like that.

Most dreaded of all was *Ling cho*, "the tantalizing death," which neatly combined the most sadistic of physical and mental tortures. A prisoner would be brought to the point of agonizing death, lingeringly. A pardon from the king would arrive just in time. The prisoner would be returned to his cell, with abject apologies. The next day the whole procedure would begin again. For years.

But nobody's perfect. Right, Sigmund? †









# LOVE... AND LUCK

**She had to make sure**

**A Story by Gil Brewer**

CORA FLEMING slowed the white Saab, and waved to the obviously striking woman beside the mountain highway.

"Who's she?" Rush asked.

"Catherine Parrish. A friend of ours."

"Stop the car, baby. I like meeting your friends. Never can know enough about little Cora. Right?"

Cora stopped the car. Rush, blond and over-handsome, grinned at her, revealing teeth like even white carved chips of soap. She felt furious, helpless, inside, but what good did it do? Rush Taylor had her right where he wanted, and it was strictly evil. He'd stepped out of her busy past, come to Albuquerque, located her in the Sandia Mountains, and he was the same as ever, sadistic and insatiable. That she was married to Ernie did not stop him. Rush posed as her cousin. Cora tried not to reveal anything of what she felt as Catherine Parrish stepped over to the car.

"Wow," Rush said softly.

The other woman, quite obviously, as was her way, chose the passenger side, and moving gracefully in skin-tight black denims, a skimpy white sweater, those full red lips half parted expectantly, winked at Rush. Thick auburn hair framed a flawless, oval face set with slanted, Oriental-like, green-blue eyes.

"And who, may I ask, is this specimen?" Catherine said, tipping her head at Rush. "My, my, honey-bear—you keeping everything to yourself?"

"No, of course not," Cora said, feeling uncomfortable. She introduced them. "Rush is my cousin, stopping over for a little while."

"Now, baby," Rush said. "You know I'll be here more than a little while." He turned to Catherine. "Nice meeting

you, Miss Parrish. And what do you do, way out here in the wilderness?"

"I carve stone," Catherine Parrish said. "How hard are you, Mr. Taylor?"

They laughed together. And their gazes held.

Cora watched them look at each other, and she could almost feel the electricity. Catherine tossed her hair back, and laid one hand on Rush's arm. She glanced at Cora.

"You and Ernie must bring Mr. Taylor over to my place some time. Okay?"

Cora nodded. "Sure, Cathy."

"How is Ernie?"

"He's fine."

"Still writing up a storm?"

"He's on a new book. It's going well."

Catherine smiled, squeezed Rush's arm. "You make them bring you around, Mr. Taylor."

"Rush."

She gave him a down-under look, squeezed his arm again, then stepped away from the car. "It sure is lonesome out here." She sighed.

"So long, Cathy," Cora said.

They all waved, and Cora moved the Saab off.

"She just lives over the hill, eh?" Rush said.

"Yes." She paused, chewing her lip. "Rush? What do I have to do to make you leave?"

"You can't make me."

"I could tell Ernie—"

"Tell him what, baby? What could you tell him? You want to break his heart?"

"No."



"Come away with me, then."

"Don't talk rot. I love Ernie."

"Oh, rats, Cora, baby. Those are words. Anyway, you can't tell him anything. And I'm not leaving. I like it with you. You know that. We have a thing few people have."

"My body's all marked up."

"So what?"

"Ernie's already asked where I got some of those bruises."

"What'd you tell him?"

"I said I fell."

Rush chuckled softly. "Ah, me. You know you like it. Anyway, you tell him anything at all, baby, and I'll spill like a bucket with a hole in it. Your past, remember? I do. Cora Cult, exotic strip queen."

"He wouldn't mind." She knew Ernie would mind.

"Hell, you know that's not the nub, baby. I'd tell him what you really worked at. Big-time call girl. All the houses you been in, later on. And then, all that time with the syndicate. I think he'd curdle, knowing Ernie. It's too much."

"I've changed," she said tightly. "I'm different now, Rush. I'm happy. I've finally found it. I'm married. I love Ernie. You've got to understand that. I don't want you around!" She gripped the wheel tightly, turned in the drive beside the large, rambling, rustic, lodge-type mountain home.

"I'm staying, Cora. I like that red hair of yours. I like that piquant little face, that body, everything. I go for you. I always did. You never listen to me." He leaned her way, grinning. "I love you, Cora, baby. That's what *you* don't understand. So I don't mind sharing. I'm not like other guys. You know that. Just so I can be with you now and then."

She squeezed her eyes shut, turned off the ignition. Maybe he would go away if she just kept her eyes shut. She opened them. He was watching her.

What could she do? Ernie would find out sooner or later, and everything would go bust. She knew it.

Abruptly she opened the car door, got out, and ran for the side door of the house. She wanted to get as far away from Rush Taylor as she could. But she couldn't get away.

She burst into the house, closed the door, and stood there listening in the hallway.

The resounding clatter of a typewriter reached her through the near wall. It was like popcorn popping. Sometimes he used the tape recorder, but usually the machine. It was a good sound. It had always made her happy, because Ernie was doing what he wanted, and he was a good writer.

Someday a lot of people would know that. Maybe this was the book that would do it. Ernie was very excited about it.

Then she remembered Rush again.

His sexual demands were horrifying. He was brutal. He actually beat her, and she knew he was twisted, and Ernie would begin to question those bruises. She couldn't get by forever.

What could she do?

If Ernie ever learned about her past, that would be the end. She knew this. His character was such that he could never forgive her, even if it had happened before they knew each other. And Rush would tell Ernie. He'd take a sadistic delight in the telling, Cora knew.

Rush came in the door behind her.

She hurried off down the hall, took the front stairs up to her bedroom. She spent a lot of time in her bedroom these days, reading, reading, trying to think a way out.

The nights were lonely, too. Ernie worked half the day, and nearly all night long now. He wanted to complete the book. He apologized for leaving her alone, but he told her they would make up for it.

She stood there beside her bed.

But Ernie was getting a little frustrated about Rush, too. Several times he'd questioned her about Rush leaving.

"He has nowhere to go."

"He's a man, Cora. He drinks too much. He's lazy. I just don't like him."

"I'm sure he'll leave one of these days soon."

"Well, he's your cousin, and all that, I know. But there's something about him. I just can't quite put my finger on it."

And she would rub his curly black hair, and nuzzle his throat, and try to make him forget. She seemed to succeed.

The bedroom door opened. She whirled, expecting Rush. He sneaked around the house, came upon her unexpectedly. It was Ernie.

"Hi, love."

"Hi."

"Where you been?"

"Rush and I took a drive up to Golden. He wanted to see the old mines again. He's like a kid."

How would that go over? Ernie stood there, watching her. He wore blue denims, a baggy black sweater. His curly hair was matted, and he needed a shave.

He said, "Oh."

"What d'you mean, 'Oh'?"

"Nothing."

"Honey, I know you wish he weren't here. But I can't just tell him to leave."

"Yes, you can."

"You want me to tell him to leave?"

"Yes."

"All right." She turned away. "I will, then."

"Thanks."

She turned back to him. They looked at each other. Finally Ernie grinned, and stepped up to her. He took her in his arms. "We haven't had much time together lately," he said. "Another month, and things'll be different. Back the way they were. Okay?"

She smiled up at him, happy in his arms. "Yes."

"You'll tell him, then?"

"Yes."

"Well—" Ernie sighed. "Back to the salt mines. It's going good just now." He turned and left the room.

She went over and sat on the bed and held her head in her hands.

They had money. Ernie's father had left him plenty. Only he wanted to make it with the writing. They had their love. Ernie trusted her. He thought she was some sort of angel, she knew. He'd told her. He put her on a high pedestal, too high. God, when she thought of the things she had been and done. He must never know. He would leave her in a wink.

She *had* changed. She was no longer the same woman.

But what good did it do now?

Well, she would have peace for a few hours, anyway. Rush remained in his room nights. He knew it was taking too much of a chance, their being together during the evening hours. Even with Ernie in his study, he might come out at any time.

Cora would stay in her bedroom, reading, waiting for Ernie. Sometimes he never came; working all night long. Then he would sleep during the day.

And Rush would corner her. She admitted there was something magnetic about Rush. Too much of him might turn a girl's head. Once she'd been deeply in love with him, even with the things he did. Or so she thought.

Two days went by. Ernie asked her on the second day, "You speak to him yet?"

"No. I haven't the nerve."

"Want me to?"

"Oh, no!" She tried to hold his gaze. He turned away. "It's just that—" she said, "that I should do it. I will speak to him, Ernie. I will."

"He's your cousin. Not mine."

"He's so alone."

"Yeah." Ernie left the room, and soon she heard the typewriter hammering away again.

That night, after a light siege with Rush during the afternoon, she was preparing for bed, trying to convince

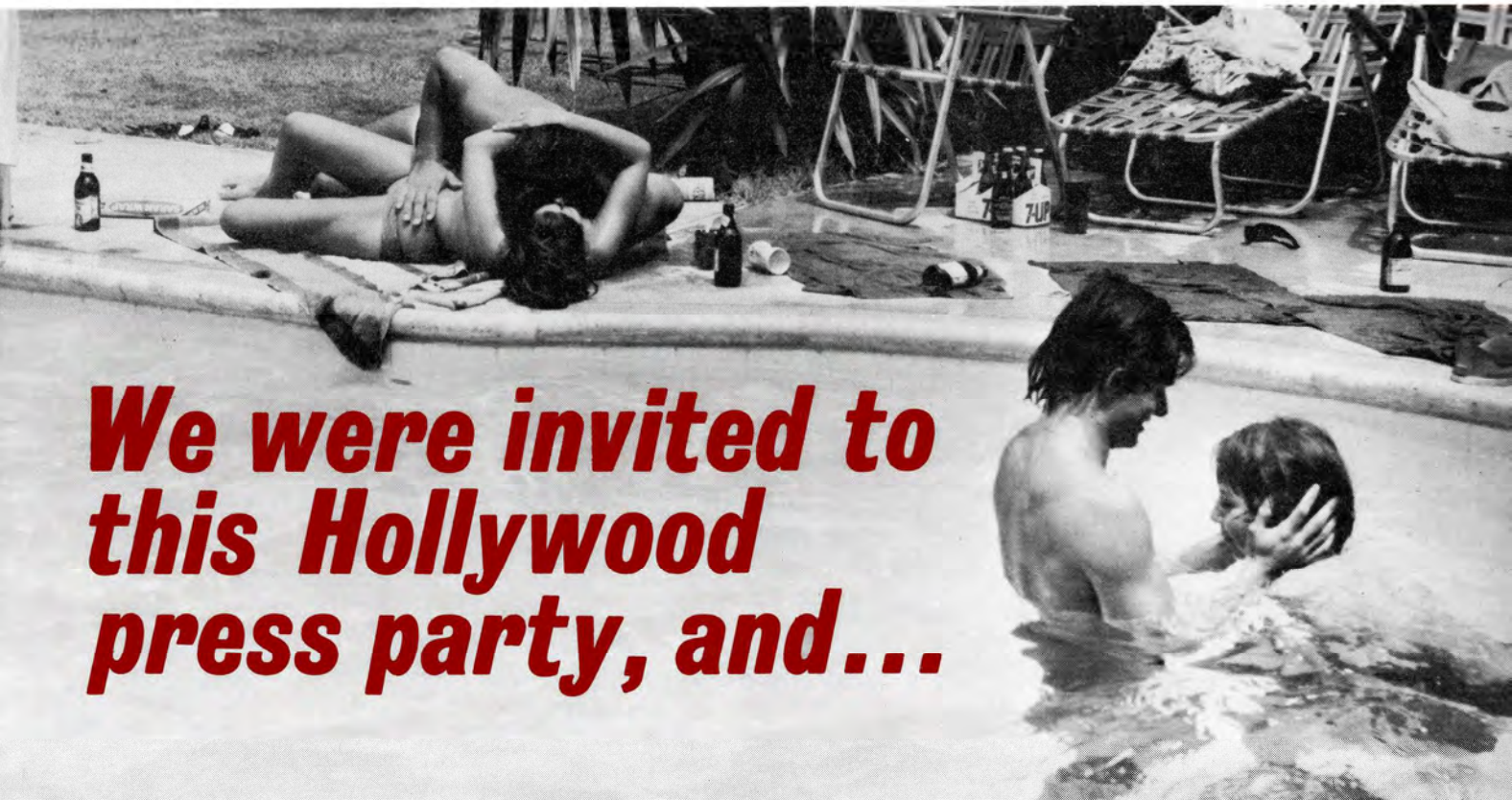




Frankly, we don't remember what the press agent was trying to push. In fact, we're not even sure that he ever got

around to mentioning his latest contribution to the world of flackery. What we do remember, however, is the skill and joy

with which the lovely young hostesses greeted us at the poolside gala. They seemed to sense immediately that the heat



***We were invited to this Hollywood press party, and...***





of the day required more extensive treatment than mere soft drinks. The afternoon was a great

success for everyone but the poor press agent. We must admit, however, that if we ever find out

what he was going to introduce, we will, in gratitude, give it a mighty plug.







BEFORE I get into my narrative, I would like to make one thing perfectly clear, if you will excuse the expression. I, Clayton Duhamel, am not a complete square. I feel it is necessary to open with this disclaimer because some of the events related herein present me as a latter-day Mortimer Snerd. Actually, I wear sideburns and wide ties, and I know pot from potato salad. And, while I may not be the champion swordsman of North Hollywood, I do not faint at the sight of a naked girl. With this out of the way, let me tell you why I was sampling cucumber soup from an earthenware kettle in the kitchen of my tastefully psychedelic garage apartment.

I was sampling cucumber soup because Roxanne Fender was coming to dinner. Roxanne was into organic foods, but I was not yet into Roxanne, despite a number of determined attempts. Tonight, I sincerely hoped, would be the night. I checked the salad plates, whereon I had arranged virgin lettuce hearts and rosy carrot spears in cunning juxtaposition. Two goblets of celery tonic awaited an intimate toast.

Satisfied with the table, I placed an album of Ravi Shankar on my Garrard and settled into a fair approximation of the lotus position to await my love.

Roxanne entered, as was her custom, without knocking. She considered doors to be stupid middle-class barriers to free communication. She wanted me to remove mine entirely, but I managed a compromise whereby I left it unlocked when she was coming over. She stood now regarding me with dollar-size blue eyes, her buttermilk hair flowing from under a beaded headband. I gave her a soulful look.

"What's the matter?" she said. "Did you fall down?"

"I am enjoying a few moments of meditation before our organic feast," I replied.

"Well, get up. You look dumb."

I pulled myself erect with a harsh crackling of the kneecaps. To cover my embarrassment, I lurched into her cantaloupian breasts from which I rebounded with a surge of manhood that did not go unnoticed.

"Please don't get all worked up, Clayton," Roxanne said. "The fact is, I can't stay."

"But of course you can stay," I cried. "Just smell that cucumber soup. And how about my carrot spears in the virgin lettuce hearts? Doesn't that suggest anything?"

"Look, I'm really sorry, but I had a pizza at Shakey's on the way over here, and I've really got to rush."

"Pizza!" I croaked. "Shakey's!" I quaked. "What about natural organic foods? What about yin and yang, macrobiotics, and all like that? What about me?"

"That stuff's okay, I guess," said my love, "but it's so faddy, don't you think?"

"Huh?" I responded.

"But now I've really found where my head is at."

"Where is it," I asked, "at?"

"Dr. Wesley Mugerman's Encounter Therapy."

"Oh," I commented.

"Sorry about tonight," she said, "but you understand how important self-revelation is. Bye."

And she was gone, leaving behind only the scent of night-blooming jasmine mingled with oregano. I walked heavily into the kitchen, carried my virgin lettuce hearts and carrot spears to the sink, and thoughtfully ran them down the garbage grinder. I sluiced the celery tonic and cucumber soup after them. Then I made a liverwurst sandwich, cracked open a Coors, and sulked far into the night.

However, a Duhamel does not easily strike his colors. At

# ALL RIGHT, SO I'M NOT ELLIOTT GOULD

Nor a latter-day Mortimer Snerd

A Story by Gary Brandner

mid-morning of the following day, I stood in my spotless Chicken-Kwik delivery man suit before the Bel Air manse of Dr. Wesley Mugerman. The gentleman himself answered my ring, revealing a democratic nature despite his high-rent neighborhood.

"How do you do," I said. "I am Clayton Duhamel."

"I didn't order any chicken," he said.

"Forgive my working clothes, sir, but I found it convenient in making my rounds delivering buckets of hot and crispy Chicken-Kwik to stop and inquire how I may join your encounter group."

He studied me with eyes like black agates. "Who sent you?"

"Actually, no one," I said. "I just thought I was ripe for some self-revelation. I can pay in advance," I added, taking out my wallet.

"The payment is unimportant," said Dr. Mugerman, helping me remove several bills. "It is your obvious sincerity that has persuaded me to accept you. I have a number of groups operating at present. Is there a particular time you would like to come?"

"Yes, sir," I admitted, coloring. "If it's convenient, I should like to join the Thursday night group attended by Miss Roxanne Fender."

"Ah, yes," he breathed. "A lovely girl. Disturbed, of course, but lovely. No, Clayton, I don't believe you are ready for that group. They are well advanced in interpersonal relationships







Continued from page 68

herself she had an interesting book to read. She was by the window, brushing her thick red hair, when she happened to glance down into the driveway.

She saw a man hurrying along the drive, from the house. Glancing toward the road, she saw a car, recognized it immediately as Catherine Parrish's yellow convertible. It was Rush down there. He was meeting her.

She had to make sure about them.

She threw down the brush, left the room at a run, came downstairs, went through the side door. She heard Ernie's typewriter going strong, so he wouldn't notice if she went out. The convertible was just drawing away from the front of the house. She ran to the Saab, started it, and followed the other car. She was excited. Rush was having some fun with Catherine.

She followed them down the road, expecting they would go to Catherine's home. Then she knew they wouldn't. Catherine's mother lived with her, and she was a strict old woman, straitlaced, suspicious.

The convertible turned off the road not far from Cora's home, drove through a sparse woods, and Cora knew where they were headed.

Lovers' Leap. It was a high cliffside, not far in the woods, surrounded by huge boulders. An Indian maiden and her lover were supposed to have dived to their deaths off that cliff, because the brave's father, a chief, wouldn't condone the marriage. Something to do with the maiden's infidelity.

Cora parked the Saab in the woods, moved quickly toward the cliffside. She saw the convertible. She could

hear them murmuring in the back seat, see their heads. The top was down.

She knew what she had to do. She would never be free of Rush Taylor, except one way. She gave no thought to Catherine Parrish. Catherine didn't matter. Maybe it was a sharp inclination out of Cora's past. She hadn't used to care about anything. She felt that way now.

Excitement streamed through her. It was perfect. She knew the terrain ahead of her in the pale darkness, the slant of the clifftop where the car was parked. All she needed was nerve. All the nerve in the world.

But she was desperate. She did not want to lose Ernie. He was already plenty suspicious. Today he had looked at her curiously during lunch, stared at her, actually.

She was breathing rapidly as she walked softly up to the back of the convertible. She could hear them whispering, hear the movements of their bodies, the rustle of cloth. They wouldn't notice her. They were very much wrapped up in themselves.

How long had it been going on?

Naturally, Rush wouldn't tell her.

She slipped up alongside of the convertible, bent low, and reached the door. She lifted her head carefully. They were really at it in the back seat, their breathing furious. She heard Catherine moan.

She stood, leaned sharply, reached in and released the emergency brake. She went with the car as it began to roll, pushing it with all her might, crying inside.

"Hey," Catherine Parrish said. "The

car's moving."

She saw the black figure of Rush struggle to a half-sitting position. She was already behind the car as it gained momentum.

Catherine Parrish stood up then, in the back seat, half-naked, and screamed.

It was already too late.

The yellow convertible leaped out over the smooth rock on the edge of the cliff.

Cora saw Catherine waving her arms as the car somersaulted and vanished into darkness. A long, rending scream echoed in the night. This was followed by a distant shuddering crash, the rasp of crushed steel. The car struck several more times before it hit bottom.

Cora ran to the cliff edge, looked down.

She was just in time to see the car burst into flame, explode. Black smoke poured up into the night, brightened by fierce fire that lit the tops of pine trees far below.

She walked back to the Saab, got in, started the engine, and drove home.

She parked the car. Her hands trembled slightly, but she kept sighing, thinking how it was all right now.

She came in at the side door, started down the hall. The sound of the typewriter was reassuring through the wall.

"Hi, baby."

Rush was just coming out of the kitchen. He held a thick sandwich in one hand, a glass of milk in the other. "You been out?"

She stared at him. Something frittered away inside her, like a ripping and tearing of silk.

"Baby," Rush said. "What's the matter?"

She turned abruptly, and walked quickly past the entrance to the side hall, and opened the door to Ernie's study.

"Ernie!"

But Ernie wasn't there. The chair by the desk was empty. The typewriter clattered merrily away.

Then she saw what it was. The sound came from the tape recorder, the spools slowly revolving. The recorder was on Ernie's desk.

She knew.

Rush came into the room.

"Honey?" he said.

And she knew she would have to tell him. She knew what he would say. And there was plenty of money, too, because Ernie had certainly left it all to her.

She stared at Rush, and suddenly wept with fierce and desperate frustration.

Rush, frowning, took a big bite from the sandwich and said thickly, "Wonder where Ernie is, love?" †







"What do you mean, 'If worse comes to worse'?"





"Well, hold your nose."





"FLASHERS" By Bruce Ackerman

"That was some revelation!"



"Some people can't get anything right."



"Do you believe in love at first sight?"





"There's something funny going on around here. In the middle of the night, when I called for a glass of water, your dad brought it."



and personality fragmentation. I would suggest that you start with my Monday group. They are just beginning to actualize their latent potentials."

To this I agreed, disappointed, yet willing to work my way up from simple sensitivity training through steadily deteriorating interpersonal relationships until I was qualified to join my Roxanne as a totally fragmented personality. "I will see you Monday night, Dr. Mugerma," I said.

"Call me Wes." He smiled, pocketing my week's salary from Chicken-Kwik.

It was with considerable nervousness that I presented myself for the first group meeting, which was held in the back of Dr. Mugerma's well-appointed garage. I scanned the circle of faces that watched my entrance with emotions ranging from indifference to hostility.

"Hello, new friends," I called to them. "I am Clayton Duhamel."

"Go fuck yourself," replied one of the more cordial members.

I responded to this sally with my infectuous laugh, which, on this occasion, failed to infect anyone.

A middle-aged man rose from his floor cushion with some difficulty and approached me. His stomach pouched over the top of his double-knit flare pants, a condition his Navajo vest failed to conceal.

"Do you know where your head is?" he said.

"At?" I finished for him.

"Right on. Groovy. Hip. Or is it hep?"

"Yes, sir," I agreed.

"Kramner is the name," he said. "Plumbing supplies. Forty-seven years young this month."

"Congratulations, sir," I said.

"Groovy. Right on. Hep. Or is it hip?" he responded and returned to his floor cushion.

We lapsed into a meaningful silence, and after several minutes, Dr. Mugerma came in. He wore a fringed Western shirt, flag-patterned jeans, and studded sandals. "Cut out the phony bullshit," he growled, though no one had been saying anything. "Let's get to the nitty gritty. I want to hear some gut-level talk."

We of the group looked guiltily at one another, except for Mr. Kramner, who was taking notes. Finally, I said, "I can't stand organic food."

A murmur of disapproval went through the group, but Dr. Mugerma nodded sagely. A large, soft fellow left the circle and walked over to stand in front of me. He said, "And I can't stand *you*. I hated your guts the minute you walked in here."

"Good, good," said Dr. Mugerma, bobbing up and down.

"I'm sorry," I said to the young man, whom I later learned was called Sonny. "Perhaps when you get to know me better you will be able to stand me."

This prompted a chorus of boos from my groupmates, several of whom threw their cushions at me. A muscular girl on my left leaned over and said through a haze of garlic, "Are you a fag?"

"No," I confessed.

"Don't get uptight about it," she snapped. "I know lots of fags, and they're just as good as anybody else as far as I'm concerned. Anytime you're ready to talk about it, Freda'll be ready to listen, okay?"

"Thank you," I said, trying not to stare at her moustache.

"That's enough for this session," Dr. Mugerma said, glancing at his wide-banded watch. "I think we made real progress today. Same time next week." And with a cheery wave he disappeared across the tennis court toward the main house.

As I walked out, Sonny said, "I hate your guts even more now than I did when you walked in."

"Don't worry, sweetie," Freda said, throwing a heavy arm across my shoulders. "I'm here when you want to talk about it."

"Nitty gritty," said Mr. Kramner, consulting his notebook. "Gut level. Uptight."

"Hep," I said, and we went our separate ways.

My breakthrough occurred eleven weeks later. I entered the garage at the usual Monday time and was immediately met by Freda. "How about it, Lambkins?" she said. "Ready to 'fess up to Freda?"

"Buzz off, beast," I said in a voice I didn't recognize. "And get a shave," I added.

"Heavy, baby," said Mr. Kramner. "Far out. Oh-wow."

"Twenty-three skidoo," I told him. "Sez you, so's your old man, and vo-do-de-oh-do."

Mr. Kramner stumbled over to comfort Freda, who was crying loudly to the delight of the group.

Sonny then walked over to me, hooked his thumbs in his belt, and said, "You stink."

Calling upon my new-found ability to actualize my latent potentials, I smashed Sonny in the face, breaking his nose.

When the group's applause had subsided, Dr. Mugerma clasped my hand and said, "Clayton, I am pleased to see you have not only learned to relate in a total-involvement situation, you have mastered non-verbal communication. If it is still your wish, I will accept you in the advanced group on Thursday

night."

"Oh, it is, it is!" I cried.

There was a tearful round of farewells with the group I was leaving behind, but my spirits leapt at the thought of rejoining the lovely Roxanne and, at long last, proving worthy of her less spiritual self.

Atremble with anticipation, I approached Dr. Mugerma's greenhouse on Thursday, for it was here that the advanced group met. Pride in my personality fragmentation and pleasure at my imminent reunion with Roxanne combined to make me the happiest of Chicken-Kwik salesmen.

Imagine my dismay when I joined the advanced Monday nighters and found no Roxanne. When I asked Dr. Mugerma about it, he replied off-handedly, "Oh, Miss Fender dropped out two weeks ago. Didn't you know?"

I delivered a number of nitty-gritty gut-level remarks and resigned at once from all now and future encounter groups.

"Open up, Roxanne," I was saying forty-five minutes later. "I have to talk to you."

After regarding me through the one-way peep lens, Roxanne cased the door open to the extent permitted by the heavy chain she had slid into place when I rang her bell.

"It's no good, Clayton," she said. "I can't trust my feelings if I let you in, and it would only end disastrously."

"But what about self-realization, interpersonal relationships, and gut-level nitty gritty?" I said, groping for her breast through the narrow opening.

"Don't you see, none of that is relevant anymore," she said wearily, easing the door closed on my biceps.

I suppressed a scream. "I don't understand," I said through Bogart-like clenched teeth.

"Poor darling, it was there for us to see all the time if we'd known where to look. Any pleasure we found in each other's company was destined to be fleeting. We are essentially incompatible. I am a Gemini and you are a Pisces."

"Astrology!" I shrieked.

"Of course," she said. "Goodnight, Clayton, and goodbye." She allowed me to extract my arm before closing and double-locking her door.

I am now in my second month of study at the Hollywood Astrological Institute, and I have compiled an impressive mass of evidence to the effect that Gemini and Pisces are so compatible. The hope that keeps me going is that I can present my material to the beauteous Roxanne before she discovers tarot cards. †



THOUGH harried and hunted for days, he still aimed with the same simpleminded determination. His boney, freckled arms gripped the weapon, much like the one he had often fired in the scrub woods behind the old Nagy place. But that was in Illinois.

He fired another round, a warning. The bare wooden floor creaked as he crouched and moved to the other window. He could easily cover the tiny village by moving back and forth between the two windows. "If I see 'em, I'll have to kill 'em," he muttered. He still wore his army shirt, the sleeves rolled up above his elbows.

Killing is sinful—he knew it. He didn't want to kill anyone. Lord knows that would be wrong. But he wasn't going to be taken alive either. The MPs had him surrounded; they had the German village's only street blocked at both ends. There was no escape. Besides, Bruny was wounded. A grossly fat peasant girl, she moaned on the bed behind him, her wounded leg wrapped in a blood-soaked sheet.

They had pulled in last night, Bruny and Virgil. The old farmer had been kind enough to let them spend the night. Now the farmer and all the other villagers had been evacuated, and the MPs were firing at the upper room, where Virgil Mobley was making his stand.

"It's all right, Bruny. Everything's going to be all right," Virgil assured her. He worried over Bruny, hoping she wasn't badly wounded. She'd lost a lot of blood, but she was a strong girl. They, the men of the 103rd Signal Battalion, made fun of her because she was heavy and not very attractive. They didn't know her though. They weren't really Christians. They went to church sometimes, he knew, but they really weren't Christians.

Bruny whined from the bed, "Bitte, Wasser, Wasser, bitte."

"Bruny, I can't. I gotta keep watch," he pleaded.

She cried out again.

He fired another round. Then hunching, he left the window and rushed to bring water. He tried to raise her head to drink, but she was too heavy for him and the water splashed her moon face. The firing started again, and he hurried back to the window.

Poor Bruny suffering on the bed. He hadn't known many girls in his life, but he knew Bruny would have made a good wife. She could cook good, and she did things for him and let him do things to her that no other girl had ever allowed—even before they were formally engaged.

Bruny loved Jesus the way he did. And if you love Jesus, it doesn't matter if you're fat or you're German. It only matters that you give yourself to Jesus. And it doesn't matter if you're black like Sergeant Pembroke.

Virgil wondered if Sergeant Pembroke was with the cluster of men at the edge of the village. He hoped he wasn't.

Something moved. He fired, showing them he meant business. If he relaxed for a moment, they'd rush the house.

He murmured softly into his cupped hands. "I'm sorry. Lord, Jesus, I didn't mean to kill anybody. If they had let me be, nothing would have happened. Lord, Jesus, I swear I did nothing to them. If they had let me and Bruny alone, nothing would have happened. Lord, Jesus, you understand. Bruny will have my child—Jesus, I could not leave her." He fired again at something moving at the end of the street.

He knew he had no chance. His ammunition would soon be gone. Still he fired, wishing grimly that he was back in Illinois, introducing Bruny, his bride, to his father, his brothers, Uncle Alf, and all the rest. Wishing did no good. He saw a helmeted figure dash behind one of the jeeps. He couldn't give up. Not now. He sobbed softly as he fired.

Suddenly, he heard Captain Fain's voice through a megaphone. "It's no good, Virgil. Give up! You'll be going home. You'll be going to America. Give it up, boy." Even through the megaphone, Virgil recognized Fain's voice. It was different, however. Fain pleading with him instead of making fun of him.

His beer gut protruding over his belt, Fain stood with megaphone in hand. He turned to Sergeant Pembroke. "Ya think she's up there with him?"

"I suppose, Captain," answered Pembroke, a tall, broad-beamed black man. He didn't like Fain's cracker accent, and he didn't dig Fain, but the army being what it is, a black sergeant doesn't close off his options even with an incompetent red-neck captain.

"Would you do it to her?" asked Fain.

"Do it?" asked Pembroke smoothly, pretending not to understand.

"I mean, would you screw her?" drawled Fain, whose perspiration-stained baggy fatigues contrasted sharply with Pembroke's neatly pressed class A's. "I wouldn't," said Fain, answering his own freaky question. "I think she's one woman I'd actually throw out of bed."

# THE SWEAT HOG

**"It's no good, Virgil. Give up! You'll be going home." Virgil recognized Fain's voice. But it was different, this time. Fain was pleading with him... not making fun of him.**

**A Story by R. J. Liss**



Pembroke's silver sunglasses hid his eyes, but displayed a distorted scene of brown-beamed German farm houses, dung piles, and dirt-encrusted cobblestones. Only his long, slender fingers nervously tugging his mustache belied the illusion of cold disinterest. He looked at his expensive watch. Up in that farm house, one of his men was fighting for his life. He had enough problems; he didn't want to worry about a half-wit Caucasian. A black man has no right to waste his sympathy on a white man.

Fain couldn't hide his concern. His rural accent was a fraud. He had grown up on army bases and knew the army inside out. It could bring only grief, having one of your men shooting it

(Turn page)



Illustration by Pat Nagel



out with the MPs. It would be on the record. Good or bad, anything on the record held you back, delayed promotions. His father, Colonel Wesley Fain, U.S. Army Ret., wouldn't have approved at all. No, the Silver Eagle knew how to keep his nose clean and his glass filled.

Though the haze that covered the green German countryside still retained the morning coolness, Fain thirsted for a beer. There was a good chance today that he'd miss the bar dice, slot machines, and half-priced drinks at Happy Hour. "Can't you hurry things up," he shouted to one of the MPs. The MPs rushed about their business, but they, also, didn't know what to do next. "Why don't you rush the house," Fain suggested.

"And get my ass shot off," replied one of the burly, self-assured MPs, adding, "Captain," perfunctorily. Fain had been asking questions and talking compulsively since he arrived. He had been getting into everyone's hair, but he had rank, and nobody knew what to do next anyway.

Turning again to Pembroke, he said, "She's really a pig. Did you ever see her, Sergeant?"

Pembroke nodded.

Fain's nervousness allowed no silence. "I never saw an uglier woman. You know the men called her 'Sweat Hog.' I don't know why a man would throw his life away for a beast like that." Fain, himself, had been married once, but caught her cheating and threw her out on her ass. So he said.

"I can't believe it's really old Virgil up in that house. He must have gone bananas. Virgil's just a shy country boy. You should've kept a better eye on him, Sergeant."

Pembroke knew that was coming. He said nothing. He thought to himself: he's going to cover himself. It's his fault, and he's going to try and pin it on me. That boy should never've been in the army. I knew it all the time. I knew it from the beginning, the first day Virgil arrived at Company.

To Sergeant Pembroke, the new man looked like all the rest. Only his unruly cowlick and pale, oddly vacant expression set him apart. It was his first night, and a few of the men wanted to take him down to Gasthaus Adler.

The new man, at first, resisted. "I'm sorry, but I don't drink." Overly polite, he wanted too much to please. They urged him again. Finally, he consented. "Of course, I won't drink any hard stuff. Just coke for me, fellas." Immediately, Pembroke, who never drank with the men, took a dislike to the man. He was friendly enough, but he seemed stupidly proud

of not drinking.

And Pembroke found himself with a nagging distaste for Virgil Mobley, who would be in his company for two years. Not the disgust he felt for Rogovin, whose face was florid red and raw from constantly picking his acne. Or the disgust he felt for Spec. Four Peters, whose feet smelled so unbearably when he removed his boots. No, the smooth-faced new man seemed to have no disgusting habits. But Pembroke disliked him.

That night, Pembroke fell asleep on his bunk drinking in soul sounds and thinking about the day he'd be out of the army. His new expensive stereo engulfed his small room in music. He thought no more of the new man. Until later, someone awakened him, telling him that Mobley, the new man, hadn't returned with the others.

"The hick," grumbled Pembroke. Still sleepy, he pulled on his pants and went down to the Adler to fetch the new man. The waitress, Waltraut, had served several GIs at a back table. She remembered seeing them dropping Steinhaggers in the new man's cokes. While distracting him with horseplay and kidding, they got him stoned. She laughed. He couldn't figure out whether he was coming or going. She didn't remember him leaving with the others. Really a funny young man though.

He was in the company less than a day. Already they had gotten him crooked. If he fell in the river and drowned, it would be Pembroke's ass. Those Caucasian boys would get off easy, all the pee would come down on his fuzzy black head.

But Virgil hadn't drowned. In the men's room, behind the stall door, Pembroke found him, pale as a corpse, curled up in his own vomit. He got slowly to his feet, mumbling, "First drink. Lord, Jesus, forgive me. First time . . . never touched my lips before.

"They put it in my drink, Sergeant. I didn't mean to drink," Mobley pleaded with Pembroke. As if Pembroke could forgive him. Without a word, Sergeant Pembroke helped Mobley back to the barracks. He detested him even more for being such a sucker, such a hick, letting them dudes run a game on him like that. Pembroke contained his feelings. Feelings made you vulnerable. Like they said in Philly: A man with no feelin's, feels no pain.

He didn't chew out the men responsible. He never mentioned the incident again. It was to be forgotten. For this Mobley was grateful. He treated Pembroke with respect—almost reverence. With even more respect than he treated the others. Though he made sure to be polite to everyone.

Pembroke wasn't alone in disliking him, however. Though he was cordial, religious, and did them no harm, the other men immediately disliked him, taking great pleasure in the discomfort they caused him.

They soon found that Virgil was the perfect butt for all their petty jokes. They short-sheeted his bed, filled his boots with water, put hot peppers in his food. He fell unknowingly for all sorts of gags. First it was good-natured, initiating the new man, or so they told themselves. Pembroke tried to stop it; he took privileges away and began coming down hard on the jokers. But they couldn't leave Virgil alone. The jokes and pranks became compulsive. Virgil tried laughing as hard as the others, waiting his chance for acceptance. But acceptance never came; the initiation never ended. Always he said the wrong thing, brought out Jesus and the Bible at the worst moment, and worst of all, he smiled through all adversity.

The jokes grew steadily harsher and crueler. Mobley couldn't pull his cover back without finding a dead rat, a dead chicken, or some ugly smelly excrement that the men thought funny. His reaction was always disappointment, never anger. Stoically, he expected all this to end, but each new prank said it wouldn't. He tried telling Pembroke about his family in Illinois and his loneliness, but Pembroke was busy—always. Virgil had faith in Jesus and Jesus had given him a protector—Sergeant Pembroke.

Pembroke shunned him. Mobley's simple faith and quiet politeness seemed oddly to fuel Pembroke's dislike. He reminded Pembroke of the Catholic priest in Philadelphia, Father Durkin. The neighborhood black boys, himself included, would steal from Saint Theresa's, scrawl obscenities on the walls, and do ugly imitations of the pudgy, red-faced priest. "We ain't Catholics," they would say to him. Still the Father always forgave—always seemed above it—never got angry. There had been no reason to hate Father Durkin; just as there was no logical reason to hate Virgil Mobley. Yet, because Pembroke was the only brother in the company, he, too, was an outcast. He remained cool and aloof from the men. He didn't want to feel anything in common with Mobley.

Pembroke's feelings never showed through his silvered sunglasses. But the men vented their growing unreasoning hatred for Virgil Mobley in newer and crueler ways.

PFC Sparaglia, the leading tormentor, explained it this way: "I don't know what it is, but there's somethin' creepy about Mobley. Somethin' that

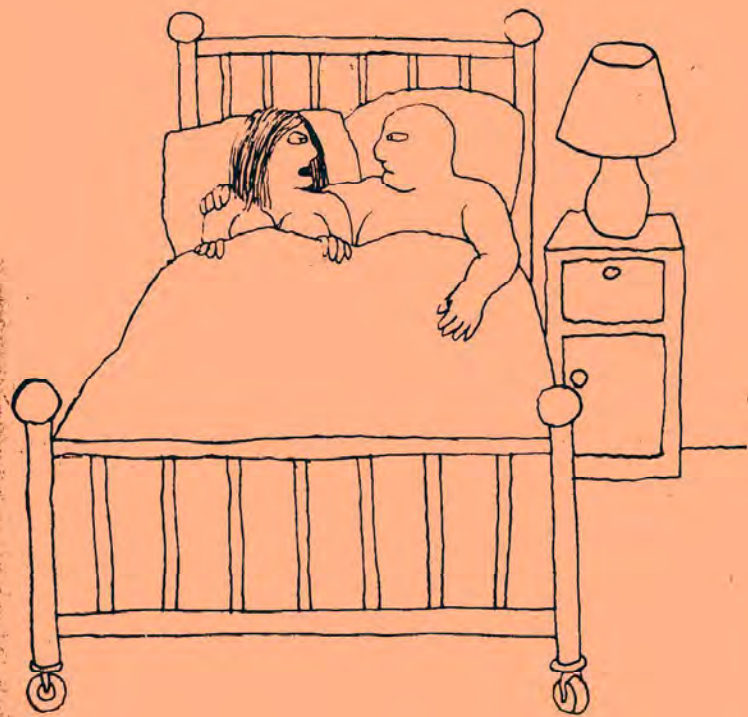
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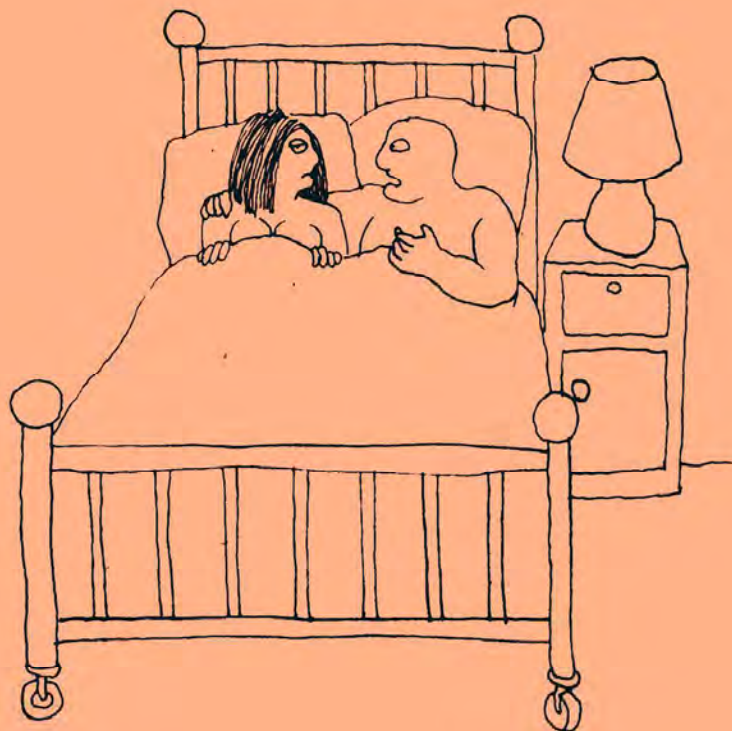


"Listen, it's my husband, your sister, and their camel."

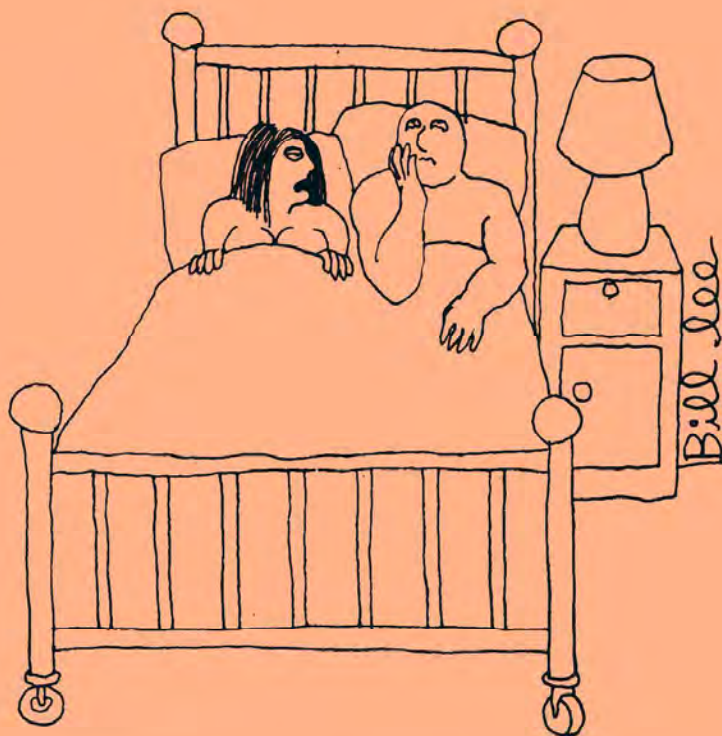
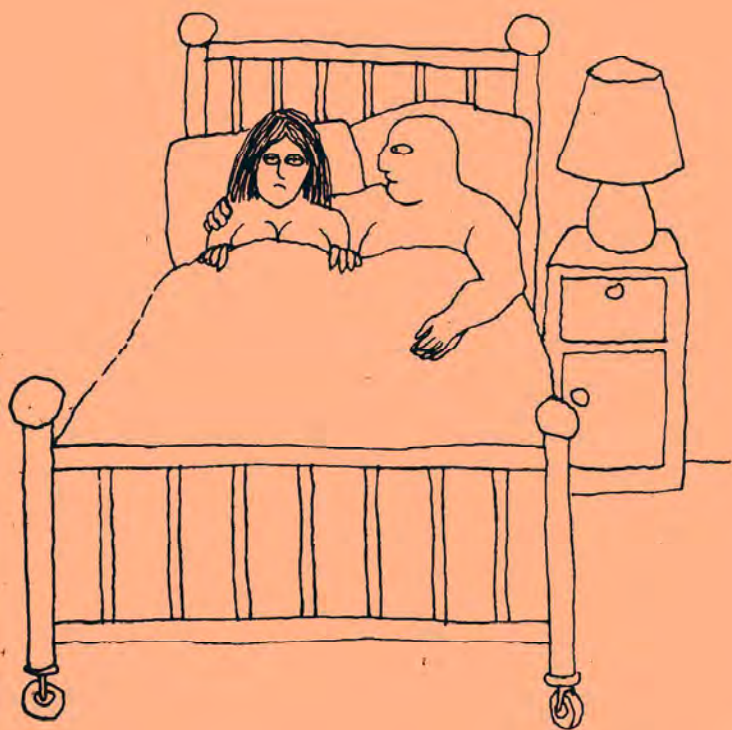




"Marvin, I want a divorce!"

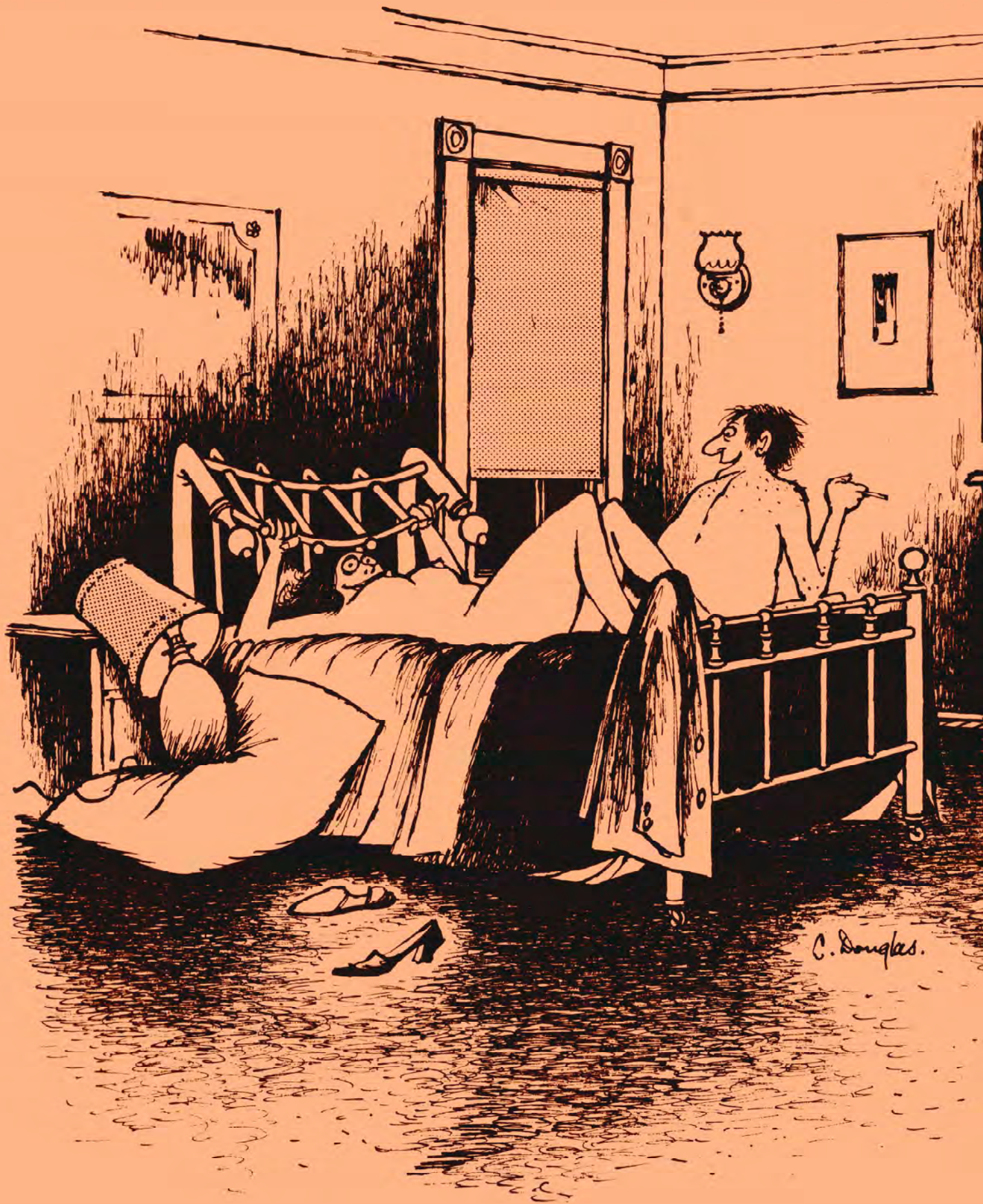


"But we're not married."



"If you really loved me, you'd marry me."





"How was it?"





"Just remember: next time you wash and I'll dry!"



gives me the chills. Man, sometimes I get this overwhelming desire to just smash his face."

Maybe that explained why Rogovin and Sparaglia drove Mobley out of town in the jeep. He thought they were trying, at last, to make friends. Instead, they left him stranded by a farm house miles from the barracks. Mobley had never been on his own outside the barracks. Having no confidence in his ability to make himself understood in the terrifying alien language, he wandered about shivering and praying the whole night. Finally, the farmer found him and called the *polizei*. Pembroke, though he could have sent someone else, went himself to pick up Virgil.

Pembroke resolved to speak to Captain Fain when he came on Tuesday for his monthly inspection. Fain, the laziest, most incompetent officer Pembroke had ever met, was the men's favorite. A regular guy for an officer, he didn't give a damn about the men. His gut jutting out, he would put his arm around PFC Mobley and bellow boisterously, "How's my down home buddy? They pull any good ones on you lately, Virge?" That's what the men liked about Fain; he knew how to play along with a joke. He wasn't always glaring and getting *pissed-off* like Pembroke.

The only thing the men liked about their *spade* Master Sergeant was the groovy spook expressions that he used. A big car was a "hog." A fine woman

was a "fox." Even his expensive stereo system was simply called his "deep." Pembroke didn't disappoint them; he made up new ones to constantly confound them.

Fain left Pembroke alone. He inspected indifferently, making no attempt to hide his apathy. In a hurry to get back to the officer's club, he managed to give the men one last laugh by putting Virgil once again through his paces. "Virge, when's you and me going to church together?"

As Fain was leaving, Pembroke spoke up. "Captain Fain, can I speak with you a moment? Thing's getting worse. They've pulled every dirty stunt that's ever been pulled on a GI and they won't quit. Mind you, it's no skin off my back. Something's going to happen. All Mobley does is just grin at them."

"If he don't mind, Sergeant, I don't see why you do. You'll have to learn to handle your men, Sergeant. I'm in a hurry, Sergeant. I've got to meet an old drinking buddy at the club."

"You've got to transfer him, Captain. He's too simpleminded," he told Fain. "Those guys are going to get him or themselves in a mess of trouble."

Fain, obviously annoyed at being held up, said, "I don't gotta do nothing, Sergeant. I'll tell you what I'm going to do, though. I'm making you personally in charge of Virgil Mobley. And I'm making you personally responsible for his well being."

Not waiting for more discussion, Fain left.

Pembroke muttered, "Is that what they taught you in ROTC," but Fain, of course, didn't hear him.

Pembroke looked up and Mobley stood dumbly in front of him. "Sergeant Pembroke, do you read the Bible?" he asked, following Pembroke into his room. Mobley saw the picture of Martin Luther King that Pembroke had put inconspicuously on the footlocker in the corner.

"I don't read much, Virgil," replied Pembroke. "You've got to lay off this Bible stuff; it just don't cut it around here. Take my advice and drop that religion stuff in the barracks."

"No, I can't do that." Mobley spoke with quiet conviction. "I have faith in Jesus. Jesus said, 'Follow me.' He meant always."

Flustering, Sergeant Pembroke said, "These barracks are not a Sunday school."

"Watch this, Sergeant." Mobley struck a match. He took a deep breath, and his eyes seemed to lose their focus. He thrust his finger into the flame. His expression didn't change until Pembroke knocked the match from his hand. "Faith, Sergeant, faith . . . a man can do anything with faith."

Pembroke spun angrily at the pale GI. "You better get your ass out of this room. I don't want to talk anymore about this religion shit."

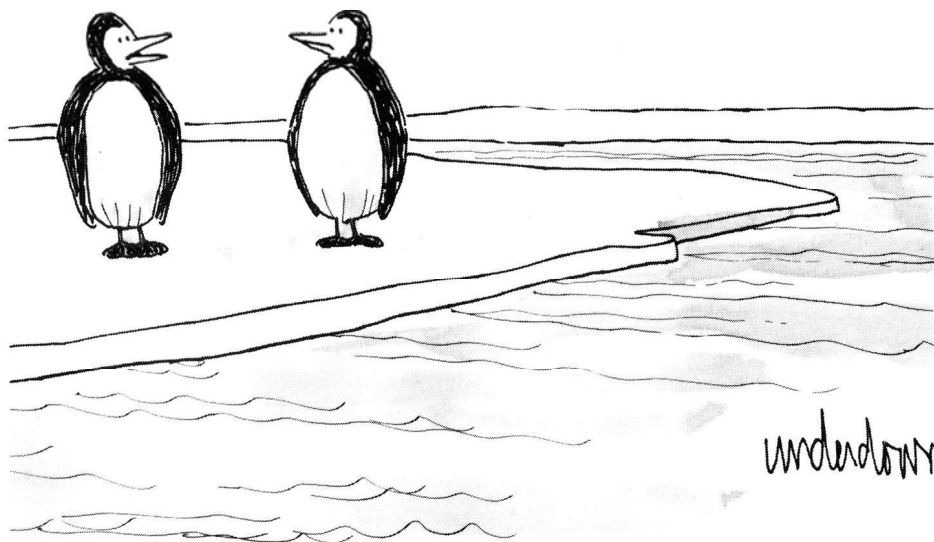
Mobley looked puzzled. Only puzzled, not hurt. The Sergeant was a good man; someday he would understand.

But Pembroke continued not understanding, and Virgil Mobley moped listlessly about for the next few months. He would often find excuses to drop in on the Sergeant, his Bible opened, forever wanting the Sergeant's opinion on a passage or psalm. Pembroke dodged Virgil, making excuses about going to town.

Virgil became despondent and homesick. He stopped smiling and saying good morning to everyone. The men grew mercifully tired of harassing him; they left him alone, ignored him.

Virgil never ventured to town. The German language frightened him. He purchased a camera, but never used it. He spent his free time miserably tossing a pink rubber ball against the dull green walls of the barracks. His evenings were spent on his bunk reading the Bible aloud slowly, eerily, stumbling over difficult words.

PFC Salzman of the Bronx complained, "Sarge, you gonna let that creepy Mobley read the Bible out loud. It's against the Constitution. He's violating my Constitutional rights." Pembroke refused to do any-



"I don't give a damn about what everybody else says.  
I'm freezing my ass off!"



thing. The next day, Virgil couldn't find his Bible.

A few days later, Pembroke first noticed Mobley's absences. He began disappearing on his free time, no longer bothering Sergeant Pembroke. With the exception of duty hours and sack time, Virgil was gone. Pembroke and the others watched in bewilderment, as Virgil stood in front of the mirror patiently trying to control his cowlick before departing for the unknown.

One evening, fascinated, Pembroke studied him as he meticulously placed each hair in place, dipping his comb in water after each stroke. When he left the barracks, Pembroke followed him.

Virgil met her behind the bakery. Pembroke had never seen such a grotesque woman. She was bigger by six inches than Virgil. Bigger even than Pembroke, himself. They held hands, but said little to one another. Pembroke, suddenly sorry he had followed them, returned guiltily to the barracks.

He kept Virgil's secret. But the men soon uncovered it. They rejoiced in her ugliness, laughing themselves to side-splitting pain when they discussed Mobley's pig. Much to his later shame, Pembroke, himself, first called her "Sweat Hog." The name stuck.

Soon all the men were referring to Mobley's "Sweat Hog." They would go in groups to town just to look at her. She worked in the local bakery, and it turned out that Virgil knew her from church. Nobody knew how they communicated. Spec. Four Bartlett said, "Mobley's too dumb to learn German."

"Maybe he whispers sweet little souies into her ear," ventured PFC Sparaglia, and all the men laughed. And when Mobley returned to the barracks, they greeted him with a chorus of oinks and souies, which mattered nothing to him. He spent all his free time away from their malicious ribbing.

Pembroke felt fortunate. In addition to having Mobley out of his hair, he often found delicious German pastry from the bakery in his room. The men said she was worse even than Virgil himself. But Pembroke didn't care as long as Mobley stayed out of trouble. And when Virgil had only two months left in his tour, Pembroke took great pleasure in addressing him as "Mr. Short Timer." And he no longer felt any hatred toward him.

The note from Mobley in Pembroke's mailbox came as a surprise. *I must see you. Meet me at the Adler*, Virgil had scrawled on the paper.

Pembroke found Virgil at the Gast-

haus with the huge moon-faced bakery girl. In obvious agitation, Virgil blurted out his problem. "Sergeant Pembroke, they're shipping me out ... back to the States ... my tour's almost finished ... but I want to marry Bruny ... and it takes at least a month to process the papers." Bruny ate, not understanding a word, shoveling food in as if stoking an enormous fire. Every few moments she would look up and smile at the black soldier, Virgil's friend.

"Virge, man, you're too young to get married," counseled Pembroke. He was going to say more, but hesitated. What did he care about this white farm boy? Virgil knew what he wanted. And all the time Bruny ate greedily, hardly listening to a word. Pembroke, looking at their pastey whiteness, wondered what was so goddamned good about being white.

"Do you speak German?" Pembroke asked.

"I learned a lot from Bruny, Sarge. We went to church every Sunday, and I understood a whole lot." As Virgil spoke, Bruny drank huge mouthfuls of beer to wash down her food. Pembroke tried not to watch.

She must be human, thought Pem-

broke. He couldn't keep his eyes off her, as she greedily fed herself. But the more he saw, the more foreign and alien she seemed. Once or twice she looked up from her meal at Virgil, a silly smile on her face. A dumb innocent smile, and Pembroke decided they were right for one another. Finishing her meal and with nothing to say, she giggled foolishly at their English.

Pembroke consented to fill out Mobley's request for overseas discharge.

The next day, Pembroke went to Captain Fain's office with Mobley's discharge request. Staying up half the night, Pembroke had punched it out one letter at a time on the typewriter, throwing away dozens of sheets that were not exactly correct.

Fain had to be summoned from the officer's club, where he was seriously involved in the merits of Italian sports cars. The kind of boozy conversation that he loved and that occupied so much of his time awaiting his promotion to major. In a terrible mood of beery indignation, he was not cheered to find Sergeant Pembroke interrupting his afternoon's bull session.

Fain read the request impatiently. "What's this shit. What's he want an overseas discharge for?"

(Continued on page 92)





**BEVERLY  
WOODS,  
BUYER**











Twenty-year-old Beverly is a top-notch business woman. She works as a buyer for women's wear in a large San Francisco department store. By day, she wears tailored suits, upswept hair-do, and glasses, rigidly following the dictates of the business world. But by night and on weekends, Beverly is all woman—fragrant, soft, and warmly receptive.

Beverly says that the split life she leads is fun. "It's stimulating and gives me much more than if I chose to lead just one or the other of my lives. Men sometimes question me on what I do during the day, and I say 'nothing.' It makes them feel better, I think. Although I suppose it doesn't really matter to them. They're interested in me right at that moment, not what I did previously during the day."

Beverly does not plan to always be a buyer in a department store. "I plan to always have a career, however. I think it will help keep me from getting bored when I finally get married. Not that I think marriage will be boring. It's just that I need outside interests, too."





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Now Bonds mature in less than six years.

"He wants to get married, sir," said Pembroke smoothly.

"The 'Sweat Hog'... he's going to marry the 'Sweat Hog'," said Fain, smiling and shaking his head. "Jesus can't save him now," continued the Captain. "What's your opinion, Sergeant?"

"No sweat off my back, sir. The man wants to get married. It's his business. I believe his application is in order."

"That will be all, Sergeant." It would take Fain only a half hour to process the papers. Pembroke got up to leave. He heard Fain squashing the application into a ball. Turning, he saw the Captain file the papers in the wastepaper basket. Pembroke shrugged and walked out. No skin off his back. He'd done what he could. He certainly wasn't going to make a federal case with a cracker captain.

Two weeks later, Pembroke gave Virgil his orders to return to the States. "I guess your application was too late," he said.

Virgil was shocked. "Sergeant Pembroke, what am I gonna do?" He hadn't expected it. He had counted on his discharge.

"I don't know, Mobley. I don't know. Go back to the States. Do your own thing, man."

That was the last advice Pembroke gave to Virgil Mobley. He went over the hill, AWOL. Bruny went with him in the used green Volkswagen he bought from Peters.

The men rejoiced. In some way, it wouldn't have been right if he had simply been discharged. In a way, they were proud that they finally succeeded in driving him away, though they didn't know the real reason for his departure.

Pembroke wasn't sure, but the best he could put together was that Virgil and Bruny, driving aimlessly about Germany, were surprised one night by an MP. Probably just routine because of the American army plates on his car. Whatever the exact story, Virgil had shot down the MP, which set off the manhunt, and now he was cornered, trapped in the upper room of a farm house, surrounded by angry MPs and German police.

"The krauts won't let us use tear gas. We'll be here for ages. We'll have to wait till he starves to death," said Fain.

Pembroke paced about impatiently. They had been out in the sun for three hours. Every time someone tried to make a move toward the farm house, Mobley opened fire. Pembroke stared

at the farm house. "Captain," he said, "let me try to talk to Mobley. Maybe he'll listen to me. He always trusted me." Pembroke spoke slowly; he wasn't sure he was doing the right thing.

"How you gonna talk to him? Every time anyone sticks his head out, he tries to blow it off."

"I'll use a flag, sir, a white flag. When he sees me carrying a white flag, he'll trust me." He pronounced the word white slowly. "Maybe I can talk him into giving up."

"Try it," said Fain. It sounded like an order, and Pembroke was ready to forget the whole thing. But he thought: Mobley must be almost out of ammo. If I don't do something, they'll kill him. What difference did it make. Why did he care? He didn't like these thoughts, not about a simple-minded farm boy, who didn't know his ass from a hole in the ground.

From behind the building, he waved the white flag. There was no fire. He walked slowly into the street. Still there was no fire. He knew Mobley, crouched behind that window, could see him. He waved the white flag. Still there was no fire.

Emerging from behind the house, Sergeant Pembroke walked calmly toward the farm house. He strode with outward calmness, shoulders thrust back, head erect. The sun glared off his silver glasses, making him look like a robot with mirrors for eyes. Still he walked, and now he could make out the gun aimed at him from the window. But still there was no fire.

"Virgil, Virgil, hold your fire. I want to talk to you. It's me, Sergeant Pembroke."

Slowly a head rose above the window ledge. Mobley exposed, completely framed in the window—unafraid, trusting Sergeant Pembroke. Then speaking absurdly, as if nothing had happened. "I didn't know you were out there. How are you, Sergeant Pembroke?"

*Blam, blam, blam...* Mobley's face twisted in pain and disbelief as he caught the sudden burst of fire. He fell forward toward the ledge of the window. *Blam, blam...* "Sergeant Pembroke," he called down in horror. His khaki shirt bright red with blood, he tumbled back into the room.

Pembroke spun. Open-mouthed, disbelieving. Fain shouted, "He tried to get you, Pembroke. He tried to kill you."

Pembroke, gaping in astonishment, sank to his knees. Pushing hard against his forehead, his silver sunglasses fell to the ground. †



# **The Latest Model From Detroit**







While the new models of automobiles may be getting trimmer every year, the boys in Detroit haven't come up with anything this great yet! Virginia just loves her new car—and we just love Virginia, who was most cooperative in allowing our photographer to accompany her to one of her favorite sunbathing spots.

"I love the mountains," she says, "and the clean air and sunshine. So, when I get a day off (she's a secretary in a gallery) I drive up here and spend hours gazing out over the beautiful hills. Sometimes I forget the time and have to drive back to the city in the dark." That shouldn't be much trouble, Virginia, with those headlights!









Here's Hanna...  
One of the Many  
Cavalier Girls  
In This Special Edition

